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**THE
NATION**

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On the March Again

NEW YORK PAUL GOOD

SAN FRANCISCO MEL WAX

EXPO 67

Time / Space in Montreal

ERVIN GALANTAY

MAKING ART LEGITIMATE

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

•
LORD RUSSELL IN HIS PRIME

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LETTERS

Cronkite's role

New York City

DEAR SIR: I had thought I was too busy to answer your Feb. 27 editorial regarding my Johns Hopkins speech. The AFTRA strike, however, has provided me a little more leisure than I had counted on.

I believe there must be a clear, strong, unbreachable line between news and commentary on television and radio. To cross that line ever so narrowly or infrequently is to endanger seriously one's role as an impartial, unprejudiced news editor and broadcaster. . . .

I am not opposed to commentary on the air when it is properly labeled as such, and I think my own program deserves credit for breaking new ground with our use of Eric Sevareid's brilliant essays. But I do not think that is my role on that program. I gather that your writer has missed a daily five-minute analysis that I render on C.B.S. Radio. There . . . the approach is considerably different.

Your writer's second point seems to have missed my point entirely. He seems to think that, because I outlined the problem of cold-war security in what he believes to be the same terms in which the Pentagon outlines that problem, that perforce I accept the Pentagon's solution of the problem. I find nothing in my speech to indicate that I think that. And I think Cronkite, and every citizen, has quite a cause for complaint.

Walter Cronkite

Mother's Day

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIR: To the oft-repeated cliché, "Yes, but what can individual citizens do about the 'big' problems," such as Vietnam, a group of Southern California women are seeking to provide an answer.

Sick of the senseless killing, unintimidated by all of the hawk shot, aware of the essence of time, these ladies, all mothers, have determined that this year's Mother's Day shall have a ringing theme—"Peace."

Calling themselves, "Another Mother for Peace," the group has created a simple and beautiful card. The message inside reads, "For my Mother's Day gift this year, I don't want candy or flowers; I want an end to killing. We who have given life must be dedicated to preserving it. Please Talk Peace."

These cards are being distributed, at cost, to other mothers for mailing as Mother's Day cards to their Congressmen, Senators and the President.

A post office box (P.O. Box 69930, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069) has been established to answer inquiries and receive orders for the cards.

Robert H. Shutan

UN drama

New York City

DEAR SIR: The Board of Missions of The Methodist Church is holding, from July 10 to 27, a drama workshop for playwrights to stimulate the writing of scripts based on an exploration and interpretation of the United Nations and the controversial, moral issues involved.

For further information, please write to me at Room 1480, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 10027.

Margaret R. Bender, Executive Secretary
International Affairs, Woman's Division

Bigelow on the floor

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Reagan said, "taxes should hurt." When the \$25,000 rug that Reagan bought for his office is reflected in increased taxes for the average taxpayer . . . it will hurt.

James Winston

EDITORIALS

Moral Double Bookkeeping

Lyndon B. Johnson, in his role of self-righteous moralist, raised the issue of the indivisibility of right and wrong in his speech to the Tennessee legislature, and it has been dutifully echoed in the editorial pages. Even *The New York Times* criticized the peace demonstrations of April 15, which far exceeded in numbers and resolution all previous efforts in that field, on the ground that the demonstrators were pursuing a double standard, depicting "the United States as the epitome of evil and the Vietcong guerrillas and their North Vietnamese allies as the epitome of good." No responsible critic of U.S. policy in Southeast Asia takes any such position, but the preponderance of evil in this war is as clearly on the American side, as the preponderance of evil in World War II was on the Fascist side. One need only consider where the war is being fought.

Neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Rusk, who never tires of the theme that we have been cruelly put upon by the Communists, will ever admit that the latter have a case. But the truth is that we have for many years insisted on a double standard, one for ourselves, one for the rest of the world. William L. Shirer pointed this out with devastating clarity in a recent letter to *The New York Times*. We are punishing North Vietnam, said the President, for "her flagrant violation of the Geneva accords" (which we did not sign but agreed to respect). But these accords forbade foreign intervention in Vietnam, and we have systematically intervened under three Presidents, and encouraged violations by the governments fronting for us in South Vietnam. If North Vietnam can be held guilty of "subverting" South Vietnam and must be punished, should not we be punished for overthrowing governments not to our liking in Iran and Guatemala? "As Athens, before the attack on Syracuse," Mr. Shirer concludes, "as imperial Germany before 1914 and Nazi Germany and imperial Japan before 1939, the United States, it seems to me, is today displaying the arrogance and the irresponsibility of power."

But this shabby double standard not only dominates our international behavior, it permeates our whole culture. "We are the lying society," Margaret Halsey asserts in the *Village Voice* (April 6), and she supports her indictment with the TV quiz scandal, the Richard Nixon broadcast of 1952 in which the candidate exculpated himself with the aid of the spaniel Checkers, the McCarthy era, which goes on without McCarthy, and instance after instance. Sen. Thruston Morton finds that the public has lost confidence in Congress—how could it be otherwise? The reason lies not only in the lax economic morals of Congressmen but in the way in which these predominantly right-wing politicians are supported unanimously by right-wing commentators. Senator Dodd put into the

Congressional Record (April 13) testimonials in his defense by David Lawrence, William Buckley, Jr., John Chamberlain, James J. Kilpatrick and Russell Kirk. Too late for inclusion came William S. White's lament, "The Unending Pursuit of Thomas J. Dodd," in which White castigates the four employees who exposed Dodd, and says he "does not pretend to know the degree of impropriety, *if any*, of which Dodd may in fact be guilty." (Italics added.) Doesn't he read the papers?

The double moral standard within the country feeds the Vietnamese War, and vice versa. Yet the rights and wrongs of most of these issues are not difficult to discern. As Clemenceau said, historians might find many causes of World War I but they could never find that Belgium invaded Germany. The old man could be venomous, but he had been through the Dreyfus case and he had both a clear mind and a sense of justice.

Faithless Men

Grissom, White and Chaffee were in a risky business and the risk caught up with them; tragically it caught up because they put their faith in faithless men. No coroner's jury sitting in inquest on their deaths could fail to return a verdict of negligent homicide.

Proof of this—if proof were needed—came after the article in last week's *Nation*, "NASA: The Image Misfires" by William Hines, had gone to press. The "Phillips Report" referred to in the article, which was withheld from Congress by Administrator James Webb in defiance of an official request, was finally flushed out by Sen. Edward Brooke, the Massachusetts Republican. He elicited the information that North American Aviation, Apollo prime contractor, had been running a slack operation from top to bottom. The report's author, Maj. Gen. S. C. Phillips, Apollo program manager at NASA headquarters, told the Senator and his colleagues at an open hearing:

I felt that the top management of both the corporation and the division (in charge of building the Apollo spacecraft) were not giving sufficient attention to the details of the direction and execution of these contracts, and recommended more attention from that level of management to the details of their problems and progress.

This statement, descriptive of the state of affairs late in 1965, raises important questions. North American Aviation is the second biggest aerospace contractor in the country, in terms of dollar-volume of government business. It is NASA's biggest contractor, and NASA's Apollo project is North American's biggest job. Why was North American's top management paying so little attention to Apollo, and if those in Executive Suite were not monitoring Apollo, how were they spending their time?

Looking back (for the past is prologue) one finds in the old files an almost perfect parallel of slipshod man-

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agement by a contractor on an important NASA project. The Centaur rocket program lagged, overran costs and finally failed spectacularly in its maiden flight test. Reviewing the situation in May, 1962, a Congressional subcommittee found:

Centaur occupies a position of key significance in the Nation's space programs. . . . From all appearances, General Dynamics/Astronautics . . . resisted, until quite recently, making any really significant change in its management of the Centaur program, despite repeated urgings by NASA officials to adopt management changes at an earlier date. . . . Management on the part of the Government also appears to the subcommittee to have been inadequate. . . .

Scientists at the University of Michigan have shown that it is possible to get even so lowly a creature as the flatworm to profit by experience. Why do highly paid industrialists and their powerful bureaucratic overseers in Washington seem unable to profit similarly? One of the rewards promised the American people in exchange for the billions lavished on NASA was a general sharpening of technology and a refinement of management practices. The whole economy would benefit from this "spin-off" from America's flight to the moon, or so it was claimed.

This has not happened, and will not, unless NASA undergoes a shake-up of seismic proportions. Negligent homicide it certainly was, at Pad 34 last January 27, but perhaps it was worse. There was carelessness certainly; was there also corruption? The space program has enjoyed a reputation thus far of being quite "clean"—but even if 99.9 per cent of the money appropriated were spent honestly, there would be enough lost through graft in a program of this magnitude to make a couple of dozen millionaires.

On Not Knowing When To Stop

From the outset there has been a latent but obvious danger that Red China might enter the Vietnamese War. In its euphoria at seeing China and the Soviet Union at loggerheads, there was—there still is—the danger that the Pentagon will induce U.S. action of a nature to bring China in. It has not yet happened, but the result of the Johnson Administration's commitment to progressive escalation has been to bring China and the Soviet Union together once more—on a basis that is still limited but nevertheless bound to have adverse effects on the American war effort.

All the stories out of Washington from reporters who have a reputation for sober analysis and plausible prognosis agree that around the middle of February the deterioration of Sino-Soviet relations—so far as Vietnam was concerned—reached a turning point. The Chinese lifted the siege of the Russian embassy in Peking, and Ho Chi Minh sent a courteously worded but tough letter to the Pope, blowing sky-high the peace hopes generated by

conferences between Soviet Premier Kosygin and Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Now we know, through dispatches from Saigon to *U.S. News & World Report* (April 3) and from Paris to the *Los Angeles Times* (April 12) that outward events marked an agreement between Peking and Moscow to end Chinese interference with overland shipments of Russian arms and equipment to North Vietnam.

The North Vietnamese leaders are evidently confident of the ability of their people, and the Vietcong, to continue the war if the means are available to them, even on the present level of inferiority to American firepower. Hanoi is gambling on a change of U.S. administration in 1968 which might enable it to salvage the gains of its victory over the French in 1954. If President Johnson and his Pentagon advisers had been willing to agree to genuine peace efforts shortly after the beginning of this year, the tripartite enemy agreement might well have been averted.

As it is, the tough line in Washington led to a tough line in Hanoi, Peking and Moscow. The North Vietnamese continue to be victimized in that they and the Vietcong are doing all the bleeding and the North Vietnamese economy is being set back ten or twenty years. But from the American viewpoint things are not rosy either. The bombing of the power plant a mile from the center of Haiphong is doubtless the prelude to bombing or mining of the harbor, but the North Vietnamese troops and the Vietcong can probably survive with supplies shipped by rail. And the concentration of North Vietnamese troops at the demilitarized zone has relieved some of the pressure on the Vietcong in the delta. Nor can we expect the Soviet-North Vietnamese war effort to remain at its present level, much less to slacken.

In all such situations there is a point of no return. If our military have their way and we bomb the North Vietnamese airfields, the chances are the North Vietnamese will be allowed to move back to bases in China, increasing the chances of Chinese involvement. If Gen. Creighton Abrams invades North Vietnam and repeats his past ground-gaining performances, the Chinese will be forced to move against him. As Joseph C. Harsch has said, "The kind of pressure which might bring Ho down is the kind of pressure which might bring China in."

The irony is that we received and ignored fair warning. Harrison Salisbury quotes a "high Soviet diplomat": "We would like to see the war ended by diplomatic means. But if . . . the United States is going to step up its action on the land and in the air, we will escalate our aid to North Vietnam step by step. If the United States sends in more planes we will send in more missiles, more rockets, more MIGs. There should be no misunderstanding on this."

That was a month ago. The warning could still be heeded, but if the Pentagon view prevails, the stupidities of the past will only pave the way for the stupidities of the future.

Et Tu, Russell?

It must be admitted that the Pentagon's latest gimmick—Fast Deployment Logistics—is a good idea from a purely military standpoint. FDL envisions a fleet of thirty floating armories which, fully loaded, would be based at strategic points abroad, and at Pacific, Atlantic and Gulf ports where the vessels could take on the equipment of army divisions stationed nearby. In case of "trouble," the divisions would be flown to the affected area in C-5A aircraft, which can carry 345 men apiece. With the equipment already on the spot, or moving out at high speed, a division could be in action within three to twenty days. With advance knowledge of impending "trouble," the reaction time would range from one to ten days. This is a lot better than the situation in Korea, where the first U.S. division took fifty-six days to get into combat. And it's a bargain: \$2 billion is the Pentagon's price tag.

That people like Seymour Melman should be aghast at this proposal is to be expected. Melman, Emile Benoit and others of that school are constantly assessing the human cost of military preparations and the dangers of ever deepening involvement in destruction of life and property. But who is this that now stamps into the forum arrayed in the senatorial toga and holding up the hand of warning? It is none other than Sen. Richard B. Russell, hawk of hawks, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and himself a general in the reserve. Mr. Russell is presently agitating for the return of battleships to the active fleet, further to pulverize North Vietnam with their 16-inch guns. But to the FDL proposal, in which Secretary McNamara, and the civilian and military brains in the Pentagon have joined unanimously, Russell says nay. Following his lead, the Senate has rejected a Navy request for \$233 million in fiscal 1968 for five FDL ships, and has revoked a previous authorization for two such vessels, on the ground that it was not apprised of the full extent of the program.

Senator Russell, joined by Senator Mansfield, argues that the FDL project would give the United States the capability of becoming a "global policeman," a role not likely to ingratiate us with the nations of the world. "If it is easy for us to go anywhere and do anything," says Russell, "we will always be going somewhere and doing something." To this the Pentagon reacts with hurt surprise. In effect, its lobbyists argue that this is precisely what they thought Congress wanted them to be prepared to do, and they are only proposing the most efficient way of doing it.

Mr. Russell added a comment hardly befitting a hawk. Three aerospace firms—General Dynamics, Litton and Lockheed—were the finalists in the FDL competition, freezing out the old-line shipyards with their Congressional friends. In this day of diversification all three own shipyards. But the Pentagon has tied the FDL ships to the C-5A transport, which is manufactured in Georgia, Senator Russell's home state. Somehow, Mr. Russell was

made aware that if the FDL program was halted, production of C-5As might be reduced, which would grieve Senator Russell's constituents. "I suspect that there was at least a mild attempt to coerce me," Mr. Russell told the Senate. If he sticks to his position, which is essentially that of a discriminating hawk, the Senate may try to reclaim some of the power over foreign policy which it has relinquished to the military.

Anarchy at Sea

Generalizing on the *Torrey Canyon* disaster, one writer referred to it as "a problem confronting man in his relentless pursuit of progress." He might better have viewed it as a catastrophe inflicted on the innocent in the course of the oil industry's relentless pursuit of profits. The rationale of building bigger and bigger tankers is that it cuts the cost of transporting crude oil, but when has the industry reduced the cost of any of its end-products, such as fuel oil for residential heating or gasoline for motor cars? Any lowering of costs goes into making billionaires of Arabian and American potentates and various other international figures.

The *Torrey Canyon* was internationalized too. Owned by a Bermuda corporation, which is owned in turn by the Union Oil Company of California, she was carrying crude oil under Liberian registry, with an Italian captain and crew, subject therefore to Italian maritime law. For this particular voyage (from Kuwait to a port in Wales) she was under charter to British Petroleum, Ltd. As a result of her grounding, she polluted the beaches of England and France, and the ecological effects may be felt as far away as northwest Africa. The captain committed quite a feat in running his ship onto a rock described by a British writer as "a notorious oceanic fixture surrounded by warning lights." When it appeared that the ship was a loss, he departed for his homeland, presumably for legal reasons, and expressed his regrets from that sanctuary.

At 118,000 tons deadweight, the *Torrey Canyon* was big compared with World War II tankers but by no means a supertanker. The Japanese *Idemitsu Maru* carries 205,000 tons, and six tankers of 276,000 tons capacity are being built. Nor is this the end—designs for tankers of 600,000 tons are under study. The first question that arises is whether it would not be advisable to try to limit the size of future carriers by international agreement. Although it is not clear that four tankers of 50,000 tons would be less of a hazard than one of 200,000 tons, damage to the environment in any single mishap would be less extensive.

A second common-sense question is whether, while tankers are being enlarged and automated *ad libitum*, the technology of sailing them keeps abreast of the arts of navigation and position-fixing. Unlike the pilot of an airliner, the master of the *Torrey Canyon* was under no obligation to report his course, speed and position to sta-

(Continued on page 564)

On the March Again: New York

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who contributes frequently to The Nation.

On Saturday, April 15, a renowned baby doctor named Spock, a Sioux Indian named Henry Crow Dog, an anonymous girl with legs painted psychedelically, and a few hundred thousand other Americans, including Dr. Martin Luther King, staged the most massive peace demonstration in American history.

The full import of the sheer magnitude of the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam will become apparent only now that the emotional moment is over and results are produced. But there are immediate indications that some people in Washington—perhaps Nervous Nellies—are worried about the impact of demonstrations in New York and San Francisco. Paraders still were marching when President Johnson announced that the FBI was reporting to him on “antiwar activity.” This veiled intimidation recalled the President’s equally unbecoming reminder to Negroes last year that—in case they had forgotten—they were a minority.

Secretary of State Rusk also was counting and discounting. He said there were 200 million Americans, almost all of whom were behind the government’s Vietnamese policies. In any event, he said, the government would pay no attention to the demonstrators. This pride in unresponsiveness to a First Amendment exercise by a servant of a democracy was followed by his observation that the “Communist apparatus” was busy in all antiwar activity, although everyone against the war was not necessarily a Communist.

If antiwar sentiment was as inconsequential as the Administration claimed, why was there so much exertion to put it down? Even the New York City Police Department got into the act, announcing that demonstrators totaled only 125,000. The performance of the police, however, was admirable, and no fault could be found with the extent and character of the cooperation provided by Mayor Lindsay’s administration. Peace is not a numbers game, yet numbers give some indication of the strength of dissent. By 2 P.M., when the first police estimate of 125,000 was made, the United Nations Plaza, which easily holds that number, was filled. For the next two hours marchers continued pouring out of Central Park, fifteen to twenty abreast in a column whose end did not reach the plaza until ceremonies had closed in a driving rain at 6 P.M. At least 300,000 marched in New York, another 65,000 in San Francisco, and these formidable numbers help explain why President Johnson flaunted the FBI and Secretary Rusk his contempt.

The turn-out was all the more remarkable in face of the stress on dissension and warnings of violence from a universally hostile press. Two themes preoccupied the press, along with other critics. The first was Dr. King’s Riverside Church address of April 4, in which he re-committed himself to ending what he called an immoral war that murdered Vietnamese and expendable American

youth, while blunting civil rights progress at home. UN Under Secretary Ralph Bunche, Sen. Jacob Javits, controlling elements of NAACP and *The New York Times* were among those publicly wringing their hands over the damage Dr. King allegedly was doing to civil rights by identifying with peace.

The second dissension theme stemmed from the Mobilization committee’s decision that anyone from Quaker to Communist to LSD tripper was welcome so long as he opposed the war.

The position of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy provided an example of press obsession with divisiveness. Although Dr. Benjamin Spock, co-chairman of SANE, was a stalwart Mobilization sponsor, some SANE members opposed participation. They deplored Negro factions that said the war was genocidal in character, and they felt North Vietnam should be condemned equally with the United States. On April 13, the *Times* published a misleading and factually incorrect story under the headline: “SANE Votes To Shun Protest; Says Hanoi Shares War Guilt.” In fact, only the Northern California SANE chapter had done this, the national board having specifically condemned the United States, while leaving its 23,000 members free to demonstrate as they chose.

As it turned out, the scope of the Mobilization made it infinitely larger than the sum of its parts. SANE, Communists and acid heads varied greatly in motive and responsibility, but their absence or presence was absorbed in the grass-roots sweep of those participating. In January, when the Mobilization looked as if it would never get off the ground, Rev. James Bevel took over as national chairman, on loan from his work as an ace organizer for Dr. King’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Bevel is something of a practical mystic, a Baptist minister who wears a black-and-gold tapestried *yarmulke* out of respect for the Judaistic role of the prophet as an instrument for social justice. With his shaved head, Tartar mustache and spiritual cool, he helped galvanize the faltering Mobilization, and made himself the man to watch in the peace movement. Young and old audiences heard the following Bevel-isms:

Americans have never accepted nonwhites as people but as tools to be used. We murdered the Indians because they wouldn’t work as slaves. Now, the slaves we brought over are no longer assets, and if you don’t need a shoeshine boy, what do you do with him? Bevel is working hard because he doesn’t want to follow his Jewish brethren into an incinerator.

It’s mighty odd that certain people are so worried about the future of civil rights now that we’re in the peace movement. Where were they last year when a racist Senate and recalcitrant Congress were failing to pass a fair housing act?

If I went around the street cursing and throwing stones, I’d be more profound than Johnson and McNamara both. But we should stop getting mad at Johnson and try to get him well. When a psychiatrist sees a

patient he doesn't beat him down but tries to help him up.

Despite the pacifistic and nonviolent commitment of most of the organizers, a radio and TV press conference in New York the day before the march bristled with the kind of reportorial hostility usually reserved for ax murderers. The first question referred to fear supposedly rampant in New York that the demonstrators would do violence, and it was repeated half a dozen times despite denials. What about charges of Communist control, asked a network man.

"That," said Dr. Spock, "is the most preposterous statement I have ever heard."

The representative of a radio group owned by avowed New York liberal R. Peter Straus asked Catholic Monsignor Charles Rice if he wanted to hand over Vietnamese Catholics to the Reds.

"It's better," replied Monsignor Rice, "than blowing them up." This bankrupt journalistic curiosity could be expected from a media whose coverage grows less responsible each year. What was alarming was the editorial attitude of *The New York Times*. In recent months, a subtle but sure erosion had been evident in the *Times*'s once outspoken censure of America's Vietnamese role, and now—perhaps reflecting an internal struggle on the paper—it came to a head.

Dr. King's Riverside Church speech will rank as one of the most significant of his career. It was a carefully developed history of the Vietnamese intervention, laced with eloquence and morally uncompromising. He urged conscientious objection on those who agreed with him that the war was immoral and he called America "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today."

It was strong stuff, and whether or not one agreed, the speech demanded examination. However, the *Times* did not see fit to publish a transcript. It was an ironic commentary on American journalism that many Mobilization marchers first read it in its entirety in a free copy distributed by the Communist *Worker* in Central Park. On April 7, a *Times* editorial headlined "Dr. King's Error" argued that Vietnam and civil rights were "distinct and separate" problems. It condemned as "slander" his juxtaposition of American and Nazi atrocities.

Yet during the previous month, *Times* news columns had reported that the Defense Department would spend \$35 million in fiscal 1967 for defoliation and crop destruction in Vietnam. The same columns had described use of a new weapon to force air heated to 1,000 degrees into tunnels where Vietcong might be hiding. The paper had dutifully recorded the bombing of civilian areas in the North and the promiscuous leveling of villages in the South. The selective qualities of Nazi genocide were indefensible; was there a built-in justification to the kind of unselective warfare that the nature of the Vietnamese struggle induced America to employ there? And while support for Great Society programs crumbled in face of a \$2 billion a month budgetary drain for Vietnam, where was the logic in the assertion that civil rights and the war were "separate and distinct"?

So it was against this background of widespread

criticism and distrust that the demonstrators gathered in Central Park. It was a damp, gray Saturday, with a loamy spring smell coming off the lawns thickly sown with humanity gathered from twenty-odd states, three Indian reservations and Puerto Rico. The Cleveland Ethical Society had come with hundreds of others from that area in a ten-car train. Sioux and Iroquois, protesting dead-end Washington paternalism, were welcomed by Harlem Black Nationalists—Black Power and long moribund tribal resentments on the peace path together. A delegation of professors in academic robes and mortarboards displayed the banner: "They are our brothers whom we kill." Overhead the buzz of a police helicopter recalled the ubiquitous army choppers in Vietnam. Matronly members of Women Strike for Peace mingled with hippies passing out yellow hyacinths: Flower Power. Ministers and World War II veterans walked across the Sheep Meadow where a scruffy band of beatniks waved a desecrated American flag destined to be burned. In one corner, dozens of draft cards went up in smoke. A pretty young girl watched in a skirt made of tin foil, wearing a button that read, "War is a bad trip." And on a small hill, flags of the Liberation Front of South Vietnam fluttered, courtesy of the Ad Hoc (what else?) Committee for a Revolution contingent.

As the marchers poised to start out, a large photograph of A. J. Muste loomed over them, a poignant reminder that the man who had spent a lifetime working for the moment had died before he could live it. The parade seemed anticlimactic, somehow eclipsed by the coming together of a multitude for peace already accomplished in the park. Crowds were generally thin along the route, with boos and cheers evenly divided. The loudly heralded possibility of violence may have scared off New Yorkers. Or they may have been indifferent. There were only a few minor scuffles. Some teen-agers taunted the marchers with Communist accusations and one produced a sign: "Dr. Spock Smokes Bananas." The courtly doctor and his fellow *provocateurs* smiled.

A cold gloom was blowing off the East River as the program began with singer Pete Seeger telling of his dream that the world had called off war. Dr. Spock was stalwart and lucid as he warned: "If we allow ourselves to be split we will be chewed up, fragment by fragment, because we have powerful and relentless enemies."

Dr. King repeated the essence of his Riverside speech, ending his peroration with quotations from William Cullen Bryant and Carlyle that he had used hundreds of times in Southern churches. . . . "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again. . . . No lie can live forever." Stokely Carmichael then embraced him, but Dr. King left before SNCC's chairman made his familiar slashing attack on America's morality and its leaders, also repeating a well-worn line: "The draft is white people sending black people to make war on yellow people in order to defend the land they stole from the red people." CORE's Floyd McKissick called for demonstrations of disobedience, "some civil and some not so civil." SDS announced a "Student Summer" of protest, and Linus Pauling said in a quavering voice, "I am ashamed of my country."

As rain began bucketing down, Chairman Bevel

sketched what might lie ahead in a series of staccato pronouncements.

We're going to organize high school students by the thousands to go to jail by the thousands. . . . We're going to close down New York City, say to the young people: "You must get out of schools and into the streets to end murder in Vietnam. . . ." We don't want c.o. status. . . . We going to see President Johnson at the White House next month and tell him to stop killing people.

And then the march disbanded, sodden but not dispirited. The future course was uncertain, but there was a strong sense of what Carmichael had called "the small hope in your great numbers." Local and national meetings are expected in the next few months to try to forge a unified peace-movement program. The range of thinking and the spectrum of personalities is so wide that anything like total cohesion is impossible. Activists already are pressing for the kind of direct confrontations with the government that moderates shun. The role of civil rights forces in the peace movement carries tremendous, unpredictable potential. The mood of the young in black ghettos is increasingly fatalistic, and those trying to lead them are not susceptible to cautionary pleas from white moderates. Much is going to depend on circumstance and, given Washington's grim response to the Mobilization, circumstances aren't bright. If peace advocates remain a small minority, repression may contain them at the cost of disorders and a weakening of civil liberties. With all this acknowledged, the magnitude of what took place on both coasts that Saturday suggests that more Americans than had been suspected believe with Herodotus: "No one is fool enough to choose war instead of peace. In peace sons bury fathers but in war fathers bury sons."

What Americans believe and how they act on those beliefs could make this summer a critical one, not only for the republic but for mankind.

San Francisco

MEL WAX

Mr. Wax is an urban affairs writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

The largest protest march in the history of the West—more than 65,000—paraded the 5½-mile route along Market Street, through the Negro ghetto of the Fillmore district, alongside the Haight-Ashbury district where the hippies live, and finally to Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park where the '49ers play football. It was a strange sort of parade, curiously dignified, joyous and peaceful. Most of the marchers carried flowers—daisies and daffodils. They were predominantly young, but there was an impressive number of the elderly—white-haired grandmothers, oldsters pushed in wheel chairs—and many children and stolid, straight, middle-class matrons.

The San Francisco Council of Churches had announced

a boycott of the Spring Mobilization. The Episcopal Fellowship urged participation. "I am haunted by the horror of this war," Stanford University theologian Robert McAfee Brown told the Kezar rally, "but I am even more haunted by the timidity of the American religious community in its failure to condemn it."

There was no burning of draft cards, as there had been in New York, and there were few violent speeches. The most extreme came from Mrs. Mora Newman, whose brother is in Fort Leavenworth, dishonorably discharged from the army for refusing to fight in Vietnam. "After they get you in the army, and they make you inhuman, you'll come back to the same old crap," she said. "We won't get justice until the White House becomes the 'Black House.'"

There were few hecklers along the line of march. One group, waving American flags, held placards urging "Support for Vietnam." Monitors, with yellow ribbon arm bands, detoured the parade around them and there were no incidents. Occasionally a bystander shouted: "I can lick twenty of you punks." A dozen men with flags, one holding a "Support the War" placard, entered Kezar Stadium, and walked around the track, next to the jam-packed seats that held 62,000 people. Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts* and West Coast chairman of the Mobilization, urged the crowd to ignore the dissidents, and it did.

Around the platform on the 50-yard line, a banner read: "Vietcong-NLF Never Called Us Nigger." It was symbolic of the *mélange* of civil rights and peace speakers. There were twenty speakers all told—far too many. It was a chilly day, it had been a long march, and three and a half hours of talk—even if it is broken up a bit by folk singers, rock 'n' roll bands, and a parachute jumper who descended from the sky while state Assemblyman Willie Brown, Jr., the only Negro ever elected to public office in San Francisco, was making a pitch for money—is too much. By the time Mrs. Martin Luther King rose to talk, fewer than 20,000 demonstrators were left in the stands.

The organizing committee's dilemma had been whether to keep the program at manageable size, or to let all those who joined the "Peace Coalition" have their say. Speakers included—in addition to Mrs. King, Keating and Assemblyman Brown—Charles Duarte, president of Local Six of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; Gerald Hill, president of the Volunteer California Democratic Council; Elijah Turner, Negro candidate for city council in Oakland; Robert Vaughn, television's *Man From U.N.C.L.E.*; Eldridge Cleaver, president of the Organization of African Unity; David Harris, former student body president of Stanford University; Robert Scheer, Managing Editor of *Ramparts* and a leading spokesman for the New Left, and Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Toronto, who recently returned from a visit to Hanoi.

They talked in predictable terms, calling the war immoral, racist, illegal.

"We are fighting to avoid admitting we have failed in Vietnam," said Vaughn. "We begin to see a new brand of fascism, parading under the guise of Americanism."

"This war is morally unacceptable," said Mrs. King.

"No matter how much we are maligned by the military, and the right wing, we can say: 'Blessed are the Peacemakers.'"

The crowd at the stadium, predominantly young, predominantly draftable, responded routinely, but there was loud applause for Scheer:

There is something bizarre, something dangerous about this. There is too much self-congratulation. We

are in danger of taking on the role of the Roman circus. Where are the people over 25? Where the hell are they? Where are the workers? Where is the middle class? It's not enough to leave it to the kids under 25 to stop the war.

All told, the march was more impressive than the rally. Somehow, words don't say it as well as 65,000 people, of all kinds, marching five and a half miles.

Strange Decorum of Lester Maddox

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

This article is the first of several written by Mr. Sherrill, The Nation's Washington correspondent, during a recent political tour of the South. An early issue will carry his observations on the fortunes of the Wallace family of Alabama.

What we need to do is to convince people in other parts of the country that Lester Maddox is not an aberration. He is not unusual or odd. We must convince them that in fact Maddox represents the popular point of view in racial matters in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York.

Julian Bond, speaking at Atlanta University

Atlanta

The most pathetic figure in Southern politics today—and perhaps in politics anywhere—is Lester Maddox, Georgia's new governor. Maddox spent a small fortune and several years building the image of a wild man and now he is having a terrible time persuading some important people that he is not, after all, off his rocker.

To put his plight in perspective, it should be remembered that the mental condition of its chief executives is something that periodically makes news in Dixie. The late Earl Long of Louisiana was in a constant brawl with psychiatrists during his last days as governor. Then a couple of years ago Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon revealed that the Veterans Administration was paying George Wallace a 10 per cent disability pension because he was psychotic. A few years earlier, and not so widely publicized, was Arkansas Gov. Orval Faubus' charge that the *Arkansas Gazette* had secretly assigned a psychiatrist to study him in action. A public counting of gubernatorial marbles is, in short, nothing new.

But at the present time Georgia is the only Southern state wherein a number of responsible people are seriously concerned about the serenity of their Governor's mind, and the fact that Maddox's first ninety days in office have been marked by admirable decorum does not seem to lessen their concern. Obviously the 450,000 citizens who voted for him last fall were persuaded of his normalcy, but among the majority of Georgians (he was elected by a minority of the voters, with a run-off in the legislature) other judgments are heard, and they are not flippantly made. One of Atlanta's best-known attorneys, after a bleak psychoanalytical estimate of the Governor, recalled: "I remember seeing him charge up and down

a picket line in front of an Atlanta restaurant, red-faced, wild, screaming, stopping to squeal at every Negro in line. And that's the man who now is in charge of the Georgia national guard." It's easy, around Atlanta, to turn up this kind of remembrance, with predictions of more to come. Fair or not, that's what they're saying.

Even Maddox's friends and supporters have acknowledged the question of his stability. During the Democratic run-off last fall, Roy Harris, president of the Citizens Councils of America and once a king maker in Georgia politics, told me privately that the reason Maddox had acted so extravagantly was that "he had had a stroke and it affected him, but he's all right now." Publicly, Harris set himself to the more difficult task of trying to convince the readers of his racist newspaper, *The Augusta Courier*, that Maddox was more stable than his opponent, ex-Governor Ellis Arnall, with whom Harris was a very close political ally in the 1940s. Harris wrote on this point: "I have seen him [Arnall] go wild on occasion. I have seen him lose his head more times than I have seen Lester do so. I have seen Arnall when he was at the point that I thought he was cracking up. . . . So, regardless of whatever the situation may be with respect to Lester Maddox, I will venture to say that Ellis Arnall is wilder and more radical than Lester Maddox ever dared to be. Now, I know that some people think that Lester is on the wild side. . . ."

Yes, they do think so, being persuaded not so much by the battle of the Ax Handles (a little violence in one's biography is nothing to be ashamed of among high-blooded Southerners) as by the many advertisements that he bought in the *Atlanta Constitution* and *Atlanta Journal* for several years. (They were propaganda missiles rather than advertising, the Internal Revenue Service decided, resisting Maddox's attempt to deduct them as legitimate business expenses.) These days his speeches are written by some very sophisticated fellows and he comes out sounding like the philosopher Santayana (whom he, in fact, did quote in a recent speech). But his Pickrick restaurant ads were the pure skillet-fried Maddox, full of searing hatred, perverse logic and bad grammar. A sample:

The mess they have this town [Atlanta] in, it is a wonder that many more people are not going on an African hunt. . . . And, like a customer suggested, "Why go to Africa for hunting when Atlanta could bear considerable hunting?"

One of his most incandescent outbursts followed the

marriage of the first Negro girl admitted to the University of Georgia to a white man whom she met there.

Yes, in the face of being called demagogue, racist, rabble rouser, hate monger and all the ugly names, for years I said that school integration would lead to racial amalgamation. The race-mixing publisher, the editor, the public officials, and yes, the minister and the professor (in either case being stupid or renegade white) told you I was wrong. . . . They were knowingly, or unwittingly, lying to you fine people of Georgia who had placed your trust in them. Now that racial integration in the schools has led to racial amalgamation, the white renegades should be tarred and feathered and run out of Georgia. Those who boasted, a governor or so, and others, of how they peacefully integrated the great University of Georgia, should hang their heads in shame and ask the people for forgiveness. Oh, you rascals! And please listen, Mom, Dad and others: it could well be in your home next. Then what? Please wake up!

But Maddox's one-man crusade did not end there. He picketed the Old Post Office Building in Atlanta, marching alone, swinging back to his car periodically to change signs (discarding the sign reading "Treason Is the Reason" and taking up the sign reading "In Protest of President Johnson, Justice Department and Federal Courts"). He also distributed handbills, with a strange sense of largess. One man asked him for "a few" extra handbills to give to his office mates and Maddox happily handed him a bundle of 3,000. On another occasion Maddox packed up his handbills and picket signs and, all alone again, marched around the White House.

He did not always work alone. He helped organize People's Association for Selective Shopping (PASS), to boycott businesses that integrated or gave jobs to Negroes. (He quit doing business with two bakeries that gave jobs to Negroes, and warned in his column: "If we don't resist the Socialists and Communists now, it won't be long until a white man can't get a job unless there is a shortage of Negroes.") Next he organized the Citizens for Better Government Association with the same purposes, and distributed a list of Atlanta business establishments that had in any way befriended Negroes. Earlier he had helped put together one of the most descriptive organizations to enter the racial fray—GUTS (Georgians Unwilling To Surrender)—which had a briefly notorious flurry of rallies led by such Southern patriots as Leander Perez.

The high point in Maddox's career as a lay leader came in 1965 when he led 2,000 persons, eight abreast, down Peachtree Street to protest the pro-Negro legislation trickling in and out of Washington. To view Maddox in a moment of repose, one would not think the soft-fleshed, bald-headed fellow, with a face as innocent as a baby duck, could be a rabble rouser. But he has had his moments, and that parade was one of them. He started it off with the screaming assurance: "We are not going to have any sex orgies or anything like that! This is a march for freedom!" Most of the parade participants were the scrawny-necked, mean types that one sees at Klan rallies; Georgia's chief Klansman, Calvin Craig, was there in a bright red Model A Ford.

Because of activities such as these in his past, and despite the fact that running for mayor of Atlanta in

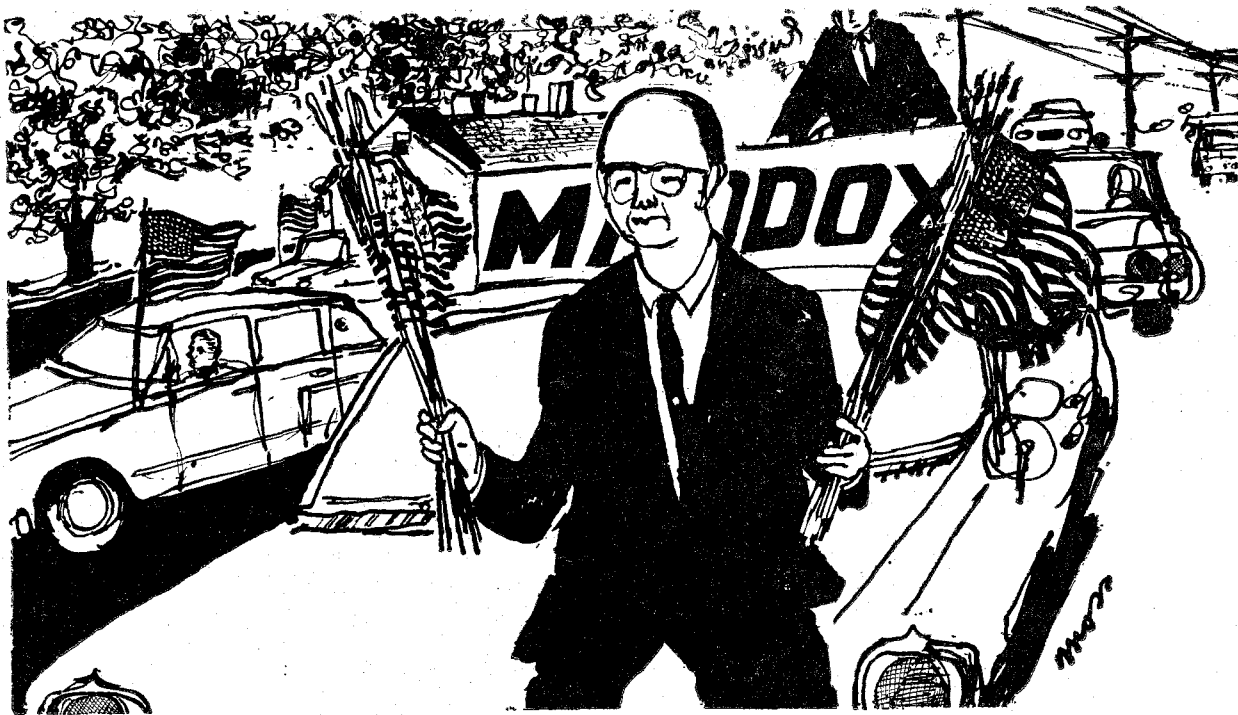
1961 he won more white votes than the victorious Ivan Allen, Maddox was waved aside by the political sophisticates. "Maddox? The fastest gun in the South? Ha-ha." He had virtually no financial support in either the Democratic primary or the run-off, and in the general election he received big money only from Mills B. Lane of the Citizens & Southern Bank, which signified no acceptance by the Atlanta establishment, since Lane is known as something of a wild gambler.

The horror and anger that seemed to grip some of Georgia's more prominent Democratic spokesmen at Maddox's election could not, however, be explained entirely by the fact that he was a symbol of racism nor that he had outmaneuvered the smug "top people" of the state. When Charles Weltner quit his Congressional seat rather than support a Democratic ticket that included Maddox, he explained, "I cannot compromise with hate; I cannot vote for Lester Maddox." That had a noble ring to it, but it did not exactly explain why, if he felt that way, he had been willing to support a ticket in 1962 which included the candidacy of Lieut. Gov. Peter Zack Geer, a close rival of Maddox as an unyielding racist and "hater." The same sort of questions were raised by Mayor Allen's candid denunciation of Maddox as "a symbol of hate" and his description of Maddox's nomination as "tarnishing the state seal," though Allen has been on the friendliest of terms with, for example, Sen. Herman Talmadge, a much more dangerously subtle demagogue than Maddox can ever hope to be, one who only a few years ago was the South's foremost symbol of anti-Negroism.

The explanation for their response lies partly in the fact that men like Weltner and Allen fear men like Maddox because they cannot understand them, and do not attempt to understand them. There is the cool, rational world of the country club on the one hand and, on the other, the world of Maddox, who remembers a boyhood when cardboard was used to half-sole his shoes, who finished high school by correspondence, who pinched pennies and drove his kitchen help unrelentingly until he became a nervous, permanently insecure but well-to-do restaurant owner, determined that, having come so far, no "niggers" or "Communists" or slick young lawyers or pompous mayors would ever get what he had. He would fight them with ax handles and pistols, if necessary. He would even become governor, if necessary. It was the success of desperate defensive reaction, and 450,000 desperately defensive Georgians were willing to support it.

Maddox was deserted by Weltner and disdained by Allen because they considered him to be, if not unhinged, at least highly irresponsible. Maddox's political creed seems to be quicksilver: try to pin it down and it breaks into a hundred little balls, squirting in every direction. Make a solemn pact with Maddox this week and next week, acting just as solemnly, he may break it. The University of Georgia regents sat down with him and got him to agree on a budget, which he promised to support with the legislature. A couple of weeks later, he had knocked about \$30 million from the regents' figure. Then, when the heat was on, he stuck the money back in.

He has been just as squirmy about what he plans to do in 1968. He has privately promised several Georgia big-



wigs that he will be faithful to the Democratic Party; he has publicly stated his unwillingness to support a third party. Then he has hedged on all this: "At least I never think I ever would" support a third party.

The federal school guidelines have kept him on a schizoid seesaw. One day he is raving, the next day he is being fatalistically calm. Campaigning for governor, he revived the stale promise, heard for a dozen years in every political campaign, to "go to jail" rather than integrate the schools according to a federal pattern. Yet in his inaugural address he promised to respect the authority of the federal government, and at no time during his first three months in office did he make more than an obliquely unhappy reference to the guidelines. Then he fell off the emotional wagon, condemning a Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals edict to integrate all schools next year as "Un-Godly, Un-Christian and Un-American," and vowing to team up with Gov. Lurleen Wallace of Alabama and Gov. Paul Johnson of Mississippi to do something about it. Next fall, he may be escorting Negro children to white schools.

Some of his inconsistencies are heartening. As a campaigner he also promised to reactivate an anti-integration commission set up in the 1950s under Governor Griffin, whose administration was the most gauche in the history of the modern South. As yet Maddox has shown no signs of making good on that promise; on the contrary, he has started making some of the standard efforts to be accepted as a "sensible bigot"—that is, he goes around shaking hands with colored voters and posing with Negro basketball teams. Julian Bond, the Negro who pried his way into the Georgia General Assembly only with the help of the U. S. Supreme Court, acknowledges that "verbally Maddox is a different man" (but he adds, "that handshaking doesn't fool us; he is basically the same fellow he's always been"). I asked an elevator operator who was looking at a picture of Maddox in

one of the local Negro newspapers if she thought he had reformed. She agreed with Bond: "He ain't changed. But we're going along with him, acting like he's changed, hoping maybe if we act that way long enough he *will* change."

Maddox came into office trailing clouds of right-wing extremism. Everyone was certain that he would continue on that course when he appointed several known Klan sympathizers to important Democratic Party offices, and when it was revealed that the local Let Freedom Ring telephone propaganda crusade was housed in Maddox's furniture store. Maddox did not apologize; he said he was "shocked" that anyone could object to the telephone line, and acknowledged that he thought the John Birch Society might be the salvation of the nation, although he was not himself a member.

Yet last month, when he addressed the American Legion and had his ripest opportunity to cut loose with right-wing rhetoric, Maddox was as restrained as one could expect any Southern governor to be. He saw some "signs of decay in our democracy," but nothing that a little putty wouldn't fix. However he has also said he would set up a 1,000-citizen "watchdog committee" that would, in his words, "look and tell on people all over the state, and I am going to listen"—a political spy system akin to that established in Alabama by George Wallace, and more recently in Florida by the right-wing Governor, Claude Kirk.

His "nicer" side has not generally been accepted as permanent or stemming from deep conviction. The kindest of his critics puts it down to shrewd testing of the political winds. Just as often one hears it ascribed to the influence of Senator Talmadge, and this seems logical since several Talmadge men are close to Maddox and they would draw on their leader's experiences. When Talmadge went to Washington in 1956 after two big-mouthed terms as Georgia's governor, almost everyone in

the country expected the worst from him. Many a newspaper columnist dolefully predicted that the nation was about to be subjected to another Theodore Bilbo. But Talmadge fooled them. He didn't take his style to Capitol Hill. He kept quiet; he was very decorous, almost retiring. Everyone was so shocked by this that almost overnight he became something of a minor hero on the Washington party circuit, and ever since Talmadge has been trading on the fact that he wasn't as big a heel as expected. In lieu of positive action, this isn't the worst way—and it is certainly the easiest way—to win acclaim. Maddox has started to benefit by the same kind of non-action. Since he has not yet hit anyone with an ax handle (in fact, his staff has been forbidden the very mention of ax handles), the national columnists are already cranking out appraisals of Maddox as a misjudged moderate.

He certainly is not that. On the other hand there does seem to be, as one of Atlanta's best newsmen put it, "a zone of decency" in the man. Exploiting and widening that zone before Maddox reverts to his old wild ways is the obvious tactic, but it is something else to get it done. Right now there are no advisers around him capable of the job, and the top people of Atlanta, in their usual bungling way, are not really trying to work with him. Instead, many of them are delighted to hail George L. Smith, Speaker of the House, as "the most powerful man in Georgia politics," and to use him and the lieutenant governor, George T. Smith, as wedges to pry Maddox away from the seat of power. They especially like George L. Smith because he is close to the bankers.

Not in modern times has a Georgia legislature been so independent of the governor. As a safety precaution, this may have some advantages, but if the top people mean to do battle with Maddox they might well remember the war whoop of this little man a couple of years ago—"So you screwballs, Socialists, Communists, mistaken and misguided who threaten me, let me say that you are wasting your time. I just plain don't scare." And he doesn't.

But he needs help. Left to his own devices, he showed and chose the dullest sort of legislative leadership. Do not look for any great relief for the poor from Maddox. His impoverished upbringing whetted his instincts to the point that in his inaugural address he promised an administration of "compassion and concern" for "Georgians who cannot help themselves"; but that his much deeper training as a cutthroat merchant predominates is evidenced by the fact that he helped kill a proposed, and much needed, \$5 a month increase for some welfare recipients. He implemented federal welfare aid under Title 19, but reportedly only because Mrs. Orville Shaefer, head of Family and Children Services, threatened to quit if he didn't.

Like Eugene Talmadge, Maddox combines a racist philosophy that appeals to the wool hats with an economic philosophy that should appeal to the urban businessmen. He plans to burden the poor with another penny sales tax next year while easing the property taxes of the wealthy. He promises to turn over all plans for the "formulation and execution of industrialization" of the state to the industrialists themselves. Will this mean shameless

tax favoritism? Of course it will, and Maddox says he welcomes the prospect of Georgia's going further down the road of tax write-offs, of free sites and almost free utilities for industry. He will, in short, join Alabama and Mississippi in vying to see who can give away more to the industrialists while heaping higher the tax burden of those least able to pay.

The poor fools, the rednecks and the yahoos, with an eye only for the Negro, are grateful to Maddox; the businessmen are not, for they know they could get the same favoritism from a smoothie without the accompanying embarrassments that come with Maddox. But this haughty group apparently doesn't understand its basic problem, which is not to get more favoritism from Maddox than they could from another governor but to get more sanity from him than they had any reason to expect. And to this end they had better stop isolating him. Pride is the key to controlling his emotions, just as it is to controlling the Klan and the Black Muslims. During the campaign, whenever he could spare a few hours, Maddox would return to Atlanta and go out to the governor's mansion and just walk around the place, staring at it. He felt that he had to make the big leap if he was to stop being an outcast altogether. He was already a Scottish Rite Mason, a Moose, a member of the state chamber of commerce, of the Travelers Protective Association, of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, of the Buckhead Fifty Club, an honorary member of the Georgia Sheriff's Association, and president of the West Gate Merchants Association—but for some reason none of these alliances had ushered him through the best doors in Atlanta. His home precinct, in uppercrust Northside, voted overwhelmingly against him. He knew what the elite and the semi-elite of Atlanta thought of him, but if he could get in that mansion they would *have* to accept him.

So far, however, they haven't. Nor has the National Democratic Party, unless Vice President Humphrey's recent breakfast with Maddox is supposed to indicate club membership. The appointment of Weltner to a position in the national party hierarchy was seen by Maddox, and rightly, as an open insult. Twice Maddox has gone to Washington to seek reassurances from President Johnson that he has forgiven him for that sign ("Down with Johnson, Socialism and Communism") and that the National Democratic Party is going to give the Klan-larded Georgia Democratic Party consideration in planning campaign strategies and policies. Maddox says he received such promises from Johnson—yet he keeps wanting the President and his close aides to repeat them. Maddox's self-confidence is so shallow and his pride so total, covering his mind like an inflamed membrane, that he cannot be told such things often enough.

Those of influence who laugh at Maddox for this, and discount him as a buffoon, do a great disservice to what is probably the South's bellwether state. Without surrendering to his primitive concepts, this man must be humored; he must be coddled and led gently along until he becomes accustomed to living in a civilized way. The alternative will be another explosion that will throw Maddox back into the arms of George Wallace and Ross Barnett, who are waiting patiently and confidently for his return. There are three years and nine months left of his term.

SPACE / TIME IN MONTREAL

ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

Montreal

Montreal is humming in cheerful anticipation of Expo 67, but the chances are that at this World's Fair the city itself will be an exhibit of greater interest than any of the temporary pavilions. In fact, Montreal secured the fair because the city has emerged like a splendid butterfly from its gray provincial cocoon to become a World City of the first order. World Cities are those that serve as models to towns of similar size; cities that attract delegations of administrators, businessmen, planners from other continents, that become part of the mental inventory of people who have never seen them. The list of World Cities is subject to constant revaluation; proud names fade as they become more provincial and younger cities compete for a place. A decade ago Canada did not boast a single first-class metropolis, and in the competition with Toronto, most observers had written off Montreal as the loser. This contest is now decided: Canada has produced a World City and it is Montreal. The fact is reflected in the *élan* of its people: the *Montreal Star's* Pierre Desbarats exults: "We are creating a new way of life, we have solved the traffic problem and conquered the climate. . . . We are building a model for the city of the future."

It all happened very fast. I first saw Montreal nine years ago. I arrived at Windsor Station as the morning traffic jam was compacting on the snow-covered streets, and decided to walk the short distance to the new Queen Elizabeth Hotel across Dominion Square. Icy gales from the St. Lawrence River forced tears from my eyes as I passed the cathedral, a little country niece of Rome's St. Peter's. From my hotel room I saw a city dominated by church spires and square, pompous bank buildings. Below my window I could look into a 7-acre hole through which ran the sunken tracks of the Canadian National Railroad. It was this ungainly piece of real estate that turned into the "primum mobile" of Montreal's metamorphosis and became Place Ville Marie, the core of the new downtown.

Arriving at Windsor Station today, one is greeted by a totally changed skyline: above the dome of the cathedral looms the 51-story cruciform tower of Place Ville Marie, flanked by companion skyscrapers. Dominion Square sports the slim 43-story tower of the Imperial Bank of Commerce and its south side is defined by the "Place Victoria" development, consisting of a 38-floor hotel and a 30-floor office building connected to the square by a soaring pedestrian bridge. To the east squats the huge fortresslike Bonaventure Trade Mart, and beyond it rises the convincingly elegant tower of the stock exchange, designed by the Italian team of Moretti and Nervi. But more important than the skyline is the fact that one can now walk to any of these buildings without being exposed

to rain, slush or sub-zero gusts of weather. From Windsor Station a pleasantly lit, impeccably clean tunnel leads to the Bonaventure Trade Mart and subway station, and there one can turn and walk through the concourse of the CNR's Central Station, continuing in a gay stream of pedestrians toward the undercover shopping promenade of Place Ville Marie. This level, sandwiched between the outdoor plaza and two levels of parking above the tracks, offers luxury shops and restaurants, barbershops and bakeries; even a unique "Instant Theatre" playing one-acters during the lunch hour for an entry fee of 75c.

The underplaza concourse has become the meeting place of Montreal, where even on Sundays some 30,000 people stroll and eye one another. Four large sunken courts with stairs leading up to the plaza offer glimpses of the buildings above, aid orientation, and provide a reassuring visual link with the outside environment. Shop fronts, signs, the paving pattern of the concourse are all designed with perfectionist care and form an elegant cadre for promenading. In the center of the promenade a cluster of bars and restaurants called "Carrefour des Canadiens" has become the "date exchange" for young people, crowded on Friday noons when the weekend programs are arranged. Such is the attraction of this environment that secretaries often take a cut in salary to get a job in the Place Ville Marie office buildings.

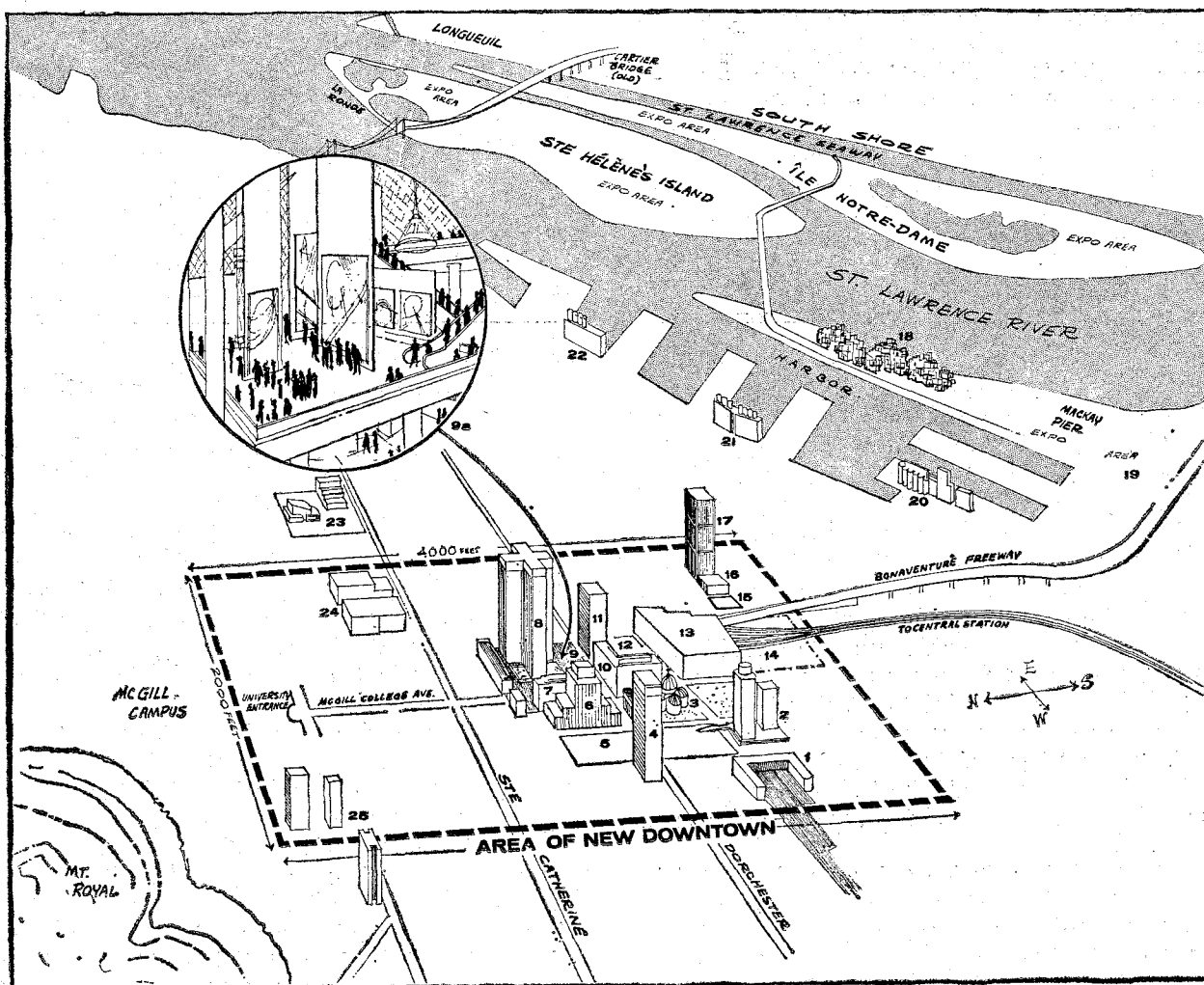
From the concourse one may ascend to the cruciform lobby of the Place Ville Marie tower, defined by the four quadrants of the Royal Bank's offices, which are connected above lobby level by open bridges. The lobby is an awe-inspiring 51 feet high to maintain a sense of continuity with the vast outside plaza. From here one may take an elevator to the roof-top lookout and an excellent penthouse restaurant. Thus the extraverted joys of town viewing from high vantage points complement the intraverted delights of window-shopping and girl watching, which at least in the winter are confined to the sub-surface system.

From a high point one quickly grasps the topography of Montreal; its dense core wedged between the St. Lawrence River and the rocky butte of Mt. Royal. Beyond the harbor one spots the narrow tongue of Mackay pier with the strange, clifflike "Habitat 67," symbol of the Expo. Further up river and separated by the St. Lawrence Seaway from the flat suburban south shore, the two fish-shaped islands of Ste Hélène and Notre Dame are crowded with the busy inventions of the exhibition pavilions. To the west, the new Champlain bridge crosses the mile-wide river, and from it the Bonaventure parkway branches off to follow the shore line, turning north toward the heart of the city where it plunges underground next to the new Trade Mart. East, toward the old French residential sectors, gleam the white buildings of the new Place des Artes; north, under the slopes of Mt. Royal and the solid buildings of McGill University, tower slim residential buildings. Cranes rise everywhere and the texture of the city is changing almost perceptibly before your eyes.

What released all this activity? The city has always had the potential to become a great metropolis: it had the port, a striking topography, traditions and an exciting mix of population. Today the competition between the French- and English-speaking segments of the population adds to the dynamism of the city, but ten years ago the two groups somehow paralyzed each other, and a major boost was needed to start the city's regeneration. The boost came when CNR president, George Gordon, called William Zeckendorf in from New York to develop the 22 acres owned by the railroad in the heart of the city. In 1922, Henry Thornton, then president of the CNR, laid down the principle that the entire area should be developed according to a comprehensive plan, and it is to Gordon's credit that CNR would not sell land piecemeal but required a master plan from the developer. Zeckendorf recognized that Montreal could become the

future "Headquarters City" of Canada, and concluded a deal with CNR that was based on the old Roman-law concept of "emphyteutic lease"—a ninety-nine-year arrangement stipulating that the lessee should improve the property as specified in the agreement. The yearly lease for 7.5 acres of prime land consisted of a basic rent of \$168,884, plus 10 per cent of the net profit made on the improved property. Obviously, maximum utilization of the land was called for, but also a major design statement that would at one stroke establish the old hole as a prestige office-retail area.

Zeckendorf brought in architect I. M. Pei, with Vincent Ponte as planner, and partner Henry Cobb in charge of design. Responding to Zeckendorf's call for a "major statement," Cobb and Ponte developed the Place Ville Marie scheme. At a time when in Montreal the yearly construction of 250,000 square feet of office space was



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Windsor Station | 12. CNR Station |
| 2. Place du Canada | 13. Place Bonaventure Trade Mart |
| 3. Cathedral | 14. Planned Expansion for Trade Mart |
| 4. Imperial Bank of Commerce | 15. Planned Second Tower |
| 5. Dominion Square | 16. Stock Exchange |
| 6. Old Bank Building | 17. Place Victoria Tower |
| 7. IBM Building | 18. Habitat 67 |
| 8. Place Ville Marie Building | 19. Beginning of Expo Area |
| 9. Place Ville Marie | 20, 21, 22. Grain Elevators |
| 9a. (inset) Underground Plazas (PVM) | 23. Place des Arts |
| 10. Queen Elizabeth Hotel | 24. Department Stores |
| 11. CIL Tower | 25. New Residential Buildings |

considered more than adequate, the PVM tower alone offered 1.5 million square feet of office space, 70,000 square feet of shops at plaza level, 130,000 square feet of retail space under the plaza and two parking levels for 1,500 cars. It was a \$100-million gamble but it began to pay off when James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, signed a ninety-nine-year lease as the principal tenant of the tower and started the move of commerce from the old financial center to the new core.

Leasing retail space proved difficult at first; Ponte realized that the 10,000 workers in the tower could support only about 40,000 square feet of sales space, and the inclusion of additional shops had to be justified by "lateral inputs," i.e., pulling pedestrians into the plaza by its own appeal. It took eighteen months to find the first tenant for the underground promenade: it was viewed with mistrust as a basement, and as being too far from the crowds of Ste Catherine Street, Montreal's Fifth Avenue. Now there is a long waiting list for shops in the promenade, where gross sales figures are reported to exceed \$400 per square foot, one of the world's highest rates. A key to the success of the plaza was the choice of its name. Many French Canadians had earlier been disgruntled when the CNR christened its new hotel the Queen Elizabeth. By contrast, Place Ville Marie, named for the first European settlement on the island of Montreal in 1642, won their immediate affection. The plaza was hardly finished when it served as the site for a chauvinistic demonstration against the hiring policies of the CNR and for the burning of President Gordon's effigy. Henry Cobb was delighted: the event marked the adoption of PVM as the place where the action is.

During the winter the vast plaza is deserted, but with the first suns of spring, people start flocking in and its scale seems justified. It is in relation to the plaza that the cruciform shape of the tower makes good architectural sense; seen from a distance it appears too high-shouldered, covering the view toward Mt. Royal. And the tower is very successful in terms of "image." Other buildings may compete with its height, but it is, and will presumably remain, the only one of its shape. The two companion structures on the plaza are perfect "backdrop" buildings, defining the space without trying to compete with the focal tower. I like best of all the long, low-rise building with its beautifully carved, well-proportioned arcades.

Although the plaza is practically on a level with busy, recently widened Dorchester Avenue, it has no appropriate access from the main shopping street, Ste Catherine. Cobb's original plan provided an excellent connection in the form of a wide ramp which would have made it easy for pedestrians on Ste Catherine to walk up onto the plaza, but due to objections from the owner of an adjacent building this ramp had to be eliminated. Now the connection between levels occurs through the shopping concourse.

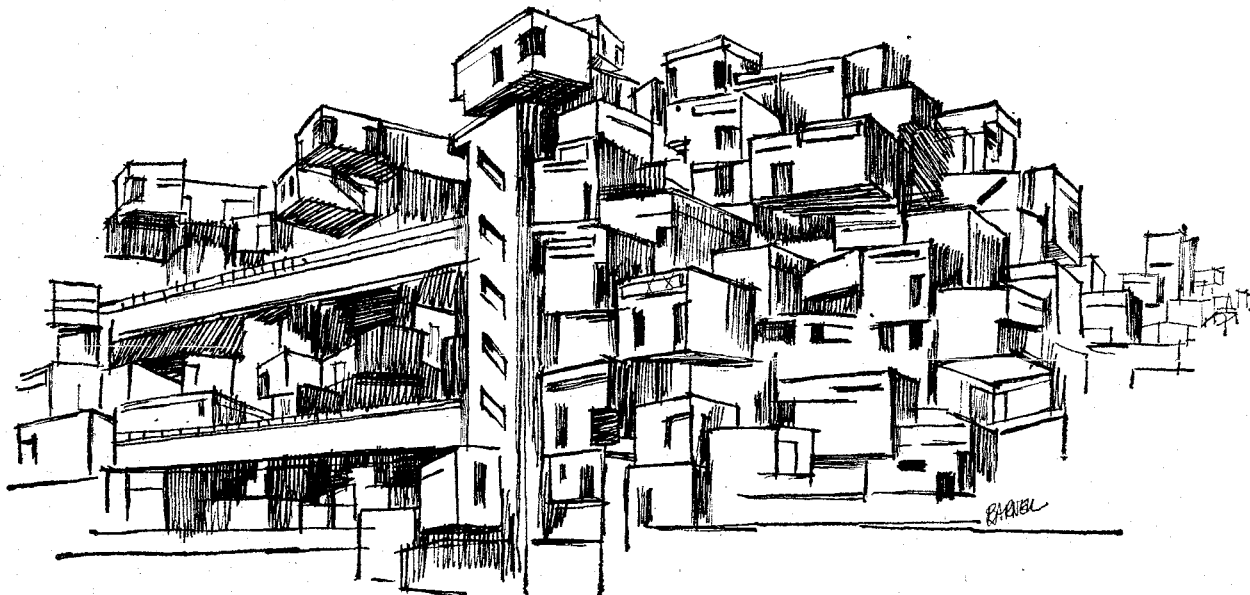
Place Ville Marie might have remained an isolated gesture were it not for Vincent Ponte who provided the continuity between the PVM scheme and all later development. It is due to Ponte that Montreal's core renewal amounts to more than a collection of unrelated pieces like

New York's Third and Sixth Avenue developments, being instead a system in which each element adds to the impact of all the others.

Ponte is a maverick among planners. The profession has increasingly been turning toward complicated theoretical models, devised by specialists relying heavily on computers, but Ponte still values common sense and intuition. Among his insights in Montreal was the realization that the traditional loose east-west growth pattern of the city's core could be supplemented by a new concentrated north-south axis, the logical extension of Place Ville Marie to Mt. Royal and to the water front. He is committed to the idea of a dense urban core, which in his opinion should not exceed 200 acres even in the largest cities, but he early realized that in Montreal the addition of new office space would produce maximum congestion, since already 30 per cent of all traffic had to squeeze on east-west streets between Mt. Royal and the port. He proposed to remove the trucks from the streets by providing off-street docking points, and since pedestrian crossings also impede traffic movement, he devised a pedestrian system independent of the surface streets. The sloping ground-level of the downtown area provides good contact between the streets and the pedestrian way, which is not always underground but can also pass over the street where advantageous. The pedestrian way was Ponte's first brain child and remains his continued obsession: he likes walking through the system in dark glasses and a raccoon coat, cutting a familiar figure among the mini-skirted office workers.

The highly accessible, climate-controlled underground "market" is downtown Montreal's best defense against the lure of suburban shopping centers which sap the vitality of the retail core of cities like Detroit or Philadelphia. In Montreal the 2 miles of undercover streets now tie together 23 acres of the downtown area; by 1970, there will be 4 miles serving 44 acres, and if Ponte has his way, by 1972 the system will serve 11 million square feet of prime office space, all major hotels and department stores, ten cinemas, with 500,000 people pouring in each day from the railroad stations, the subway and 8,000 parking places. According to Ponte, the inevitable southward thrust of development will soon affect the Notre Dame area of low-rise warehouses which he sees as a reservoir for core-oriented housing. Upgrading this area will connect the core with the water front and Mackay pier, recently improved with the permanent structures of the Expo. Turning visionary, he sees the pier connected to the islands by vast suspended structures, and bridging over the seaway to the south shore. Ponte's system—which at times has been misnamed "3-D downtown"—is actually strikingly four-dimensional: it is not an abstract target plan aimed at some ultimate, crystalline balance but design in function of time; not a strait jacket but a set of rules for a game of action, permitting temporary disequilibria to create dynamic, incremental growth.

The investment by the private sector of the economy in development projects will exceed \$500 million by 1970. With its help the new downtown grows without government financing or urban renewal, but the boom



Habitat 67 (a detail)

could not have occurred without cooperation from city hall which cut red tape, found favorable interpretations of the bylaws and, above all, provided a modern transportation system. Equal in importance to the initiative of the private developers is the municipal rebirth of Montreal, which is largely due to Jean Drapeau, very probably the most effective mayor in North America.

Drapeau's public career began after World War II when, as a young lawyer, he became enraged by the administration of easygoing boss Camilien Houde, under whose tenure almost the only local business that showed dynamic growth was the red-light sector of 100 bordellos. Campaigning on a reform platform, Drapeau was first elected in 1954, eased out of office by a reactionary combination in 1957 and—chaos then ensuing—was re-elected in 1960 with 88 per cent of the votes. In that campaign he committed himself to build a new subway system for Montreal. To finance the Metro he had \$7 million a year in additional taxes generated by the new building boom and was able to borrow an initial \$140 million to start construction. The Metro, now complete with four lines in operation, cost \$213,700,000.

The fare on the subway is 25c and is valid for transfer to and from intracity buses which all terminate at the subway stations on the periphery of the downtown core. The vast commuter crowds transferring at these points enabled the Mayor to recoup part of the Metro's construction cost by offering air rights above the subway stations on the "emphyteutic" lease arrangement. Imaginative promotion of "two million people in your basement" has already bagged a \$4-million development over Guy station, and other deals are being negotiated.

* One subway line has been tunneled under the St. Lawrence River to terminate on Ste Hélène's Island and serve Expo. The city of Longueuil decided to pay for an extension of this line to the south shore, a farsighted move tying the underdeveloped south shore directly to downtown. Instead of building the subway in an open cut like New York's Sixth Avenue line—a method that impedes surface traffic during construction—the Montreal

Metro was tunneled deep enough to allow for spacious mezzanines between street and platform. The mezzanines are part of Ponte's continuous pedestrian-way system and from them the trains can be viewed without passing the turnstiles. The stations have been designed by different architects, and as a result each has a distinct identity, easy to remember. At Peel station, the popular local artist, Mousson, contributed brilliant abstract murals; at Bonaventure station, which lies very deep, it has been proved that high vaults can be built for the same cost as "back-filling" rubble in the excavation hole. The resulting sequence of vast domed chambers has the dignity of a Roman bath, or a Byzantine cathedral. In short, a complete tour of the stations is essential to a pilgrim of modern architecture. The subway cars designed by Jacques Gillon are of a deep blue enamel and the interiors are carefully detailed. The cars run smoothly and noiselessly on Michelin rubber tires, but at present the air intakes at the bottom drag in hot air from the brakes; this deficiency is scheduled to be corrected before the coming summer.

The people of Montreal react to the spotless environment of their Metro by respecting it. No graffiti disfigure the walls. From New York's subway, recently described in a report to Mayor Lindsay as "the world's most squalid public environment," 30 tons of litter are removed daily. In Montreal's Metro the litter is measurable in pounds.

The existence of Mayor Drapeau's subway system was a key factor in the selection of Montreal as the site for the 1967 World's Fair. Expo is a well-deserved windfall for the city, bringing some \$700 million to the town, and the fringe benefit of accelerated construction of freeways and bridges by national and provincial authorities. Occupying some 1,000 acres, with seventy foreign nations participating, Expo 67 is going to be by far the biggest of postwar expositions. It is the only first-class world's fair since Brussels. Seattle was a second-echelon effort, while the unrecognized wildcat New York World's Fair was heavily commercial and attracted only thirteen foreign nations.

The news of the Expo started immediate wild land speculation in the few areas considered suitable for the purpose, but Mayor Drapeau outwitted the speculators. Instead of expropriating land for clearance, he decided to create new land in the St. Lawrence by doubling the size of Ste Hélène's Island and building the entirely new island of Notre Dame. Rubble from the subway excavation was used and for months a heavy truck full of rock passed the Cartier Bridge every four minutes. Expo excels in its site. The Brussels and New York fairs were located far from downtown. By contrast, Expo visitors will view Montreal from its most impressive side; looking across the river, they will see the harbor with its majestic grain elevators, recently cleaned for the occasion, and beyond them the competing skyscrapers of the new core with the green hump of Mt. Royal in the background.

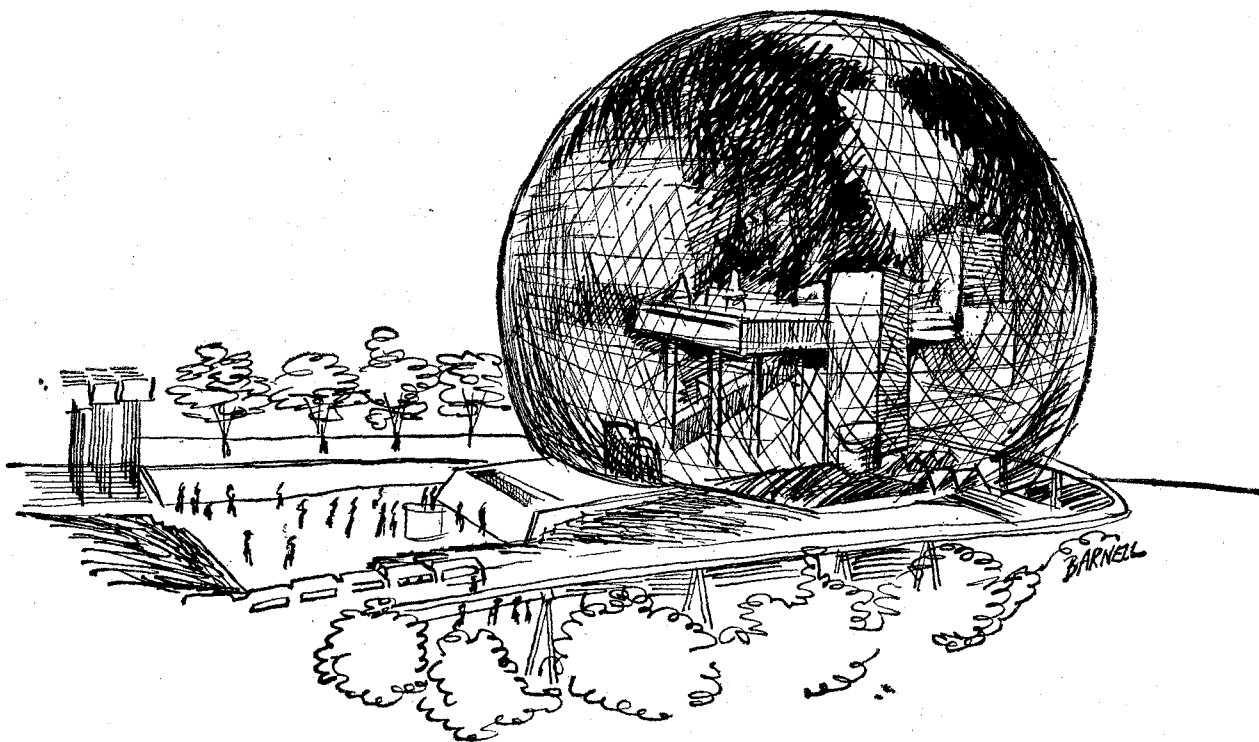
Facing the harbor on the narrow strip of Mackay pier are the administrative buildings of Expo, a theatre, a temporary museum, and the most extraordinary of Canada's thematic pavilions: Habitat 67. World exhibitions generally select a central theme; rather typically, both Seattle and New York chose to feature "outer space." Montreal responded with "Man and His World." Habitat 67, which will remain as permanent evidence of this concern, is a prefabricated experimental housing project that aims to "bring the most attractive features of suburban living space, privacy and greenery" to high-density urban housing. Its designer is 29-year-old Moshe Safdi, and the solution is based on Safdi's master's thesis at the McGill School of Architecture. It is a sign of the youthful exuberance of Montreal that this important commission went to a young man who had no experience but only ideas to offer.

Habitat is built up with prefabricated concrete boxes that support one another in a seemingly random arrangement, forming an "instant hill town" of 158 houses made

up of 354 geometrically identical boxes. These are 38.5 feet long, 17.5 feet wide and 10 feet high, and weigh between 80 to 120 tons each. Three boxes are needed to form a three-bedroom "house," while one box suffices for an efficiency apartment. Each box has windows on more than one wall, and each unit opens to a large patio or garden on top of the lower boxes. Apartments are approached on "airways"—open corridors at the sixth and tenth level, the only ones served by the elevator. Units were cast on the site, equipped with kitchens and bathrooms, lifted into position by an enormous custom-built derrick, and bolted together to form a monolithic whole.

The resulting configuration is unusual and dramatic. Undoubtedly it will become a landmark of Montreal, as the Eiffel Tower symbolizes Paris and the Marina Towers have become one of the sights of Chicago. It is somewhat less successful as a "demonstration of the economic advantages of mass-produced housing" or as an "answer to growing world populations and dwindling land areas," because it is not very high-density, and it turned out to be shockingly expensive. The average apartment unit cost about \$120,000, more than ten times the cost of a comparable apartment built by conventional methods. The high cost is inherent in the design since, depending upon the position of a box in the pile, the loads vary and nearly every box required different reinforcement. Prefabrication is successful only if a maximum of identical pieces can be cast; the 156 apartments of Habitat required 2,850 elements, and the largest set of identical pieces was six.

During Expo, the apartments of Habitat will rent to exhibitors for \$350 to \$750 a month, except for a few model apartments open to visitors. After the fair, the project will be sold to the highest bidder. Its market value seems to be around \$5 million and this will leave \$11 to \$13 million to be written off as experiment. This is



United States Pavilion

about the cost of some of the more pretentious national pavilions, which will have to be removed after the fair is over. Habitat, by contrast, will remain, a permanent, inhabited landmark, an object of fascination to architects, and perhaps an inspiration toward similarly dramatic but more economic design.

Among the national pavilions, those of the United States and of West Germany are architecturally the most interesting. In contrast to Habitat 67, which uses a maximum of material to enclose a minimal volume, the U.S. and German pavilions enclose enormous spaces with a minimum of material. The U.S. pavilion is a single, 20-story-high bubble assembled of triangulated tubes according to the system of Buckminster Fuller, with a translucent acrylic skin. The skin is equipped with vents that permit the bubble to "breathe" like an animal, and the interior climate is controlled by adjustable shading devices that control the light penetrating the interior. The big geodesic bubble stands on a canal opposite the pavilion of the USSR, which is an architecturally dated solution of a flat, curved roof over a glass box. With a budget much lower than at Brussels, the United States has now contributed an exhibit hall that is not just a structural gimmick but the prototype of a futuristic "benign environment" and a sight of undeniable beauty, its multi-faceted skin reflecting the sun or the sky, and at night mysteriously glowing from the interior. The exhibits designed by an imaginative group of young architects, "the Cambridge Seven," are on a par with the structure, and for once I feel that the U.S. contribution excels not by its cost or size but by the quality of the minds that designed it.

Equally impressive is the German pavilion designed by Frei Otto, a specialist in suspended structures. It is an enormous tent over a free-shape plan, supported on a few raked masts over which a network of wire mesh is stretched. This structure stabilizes the skin of translucent fabric against flutter, and casts an ever-changing pattern of shadows visible on the interior. Parts of the skin are made of a more transparent plastic, through which the sun falls in concentrated cylindrical columns like the beam of

a searchlight, contrasting with the melancholy light filtering through the tent. Prolonged exposure to this interior, defined by mysteriously supported double-curved surfaces, creates a musical, even psychedelic sensation—which may of course be less strongly felt during the Expo, when the tent will be filled with exhibits and visitors. In any event, the U.S. and German pavilions are outstanding for their selection of space-enclosing structures, light and exciting as temporary buildings should be.

Having mentioned the best pavilions I should also point to some prominent failures. Oddly enough, England and France, the two powers perhaps most committed to making a major showing in Montreal, are close contenders for having produced the worst architecture. In Brussels the French built an enormously complicated, ugly structure; this time they aimed for elegance, but their 8-story circular building is no more chic than a fancy hatbox. The adjacent British pavilion, designed by Sir Basil Spence, is a massive white battleship with a three-dimensional Union Jack on its conning tower.

The excitement and *élan* of Expo will not vanish from Montreal when the temporary buildings are dismantled. Habitat; the Metro; the 100-mile-an-hour turbo-train to Toronto, the new bridges and highways will remain as substantial souvenirs. The shores and islands of the St. Lawrence River, having been made accessible, will provide new housing areas. Parking lots will be turned into parks and Notre Dame Island will be developed as a unique water-oriented residential community.

Urban America, Inc., perhaps the most important body of Americans concerned with the future of the city, are convening in Montreal. Planners and administrators from Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston will recognize at Montreal some ideas which they themselves have championed from time to time, but which somehow withered back home while they blossomed to reality in Montreal. It should be a fruitful experience, and some soul searching is in order.

Meanwhile, Mayor Drapeau is already planning for the 1972 Olympic games.

THE UN AND THE HAVE-NOTS

ALTERNATIVES TO EXPLOSION

JAMES BOYD

This article by the UN correspondent of the Washington Star completes a general survey of the crisis in relationships between the have and the have-not nations that was begun in our April 3 issue under the heading, "The Dominion of Know-How." At that time, Ruth Jorin discussed education and the "brain drain"; Howe Martyn considered the prospects for an international technology in an age of growing nationalism.

The Editors

The largest interest of the United Nations and its specialized agencies today centers on the problem of economic development. The UN's greatest expenditure by far is on

the pre-investment work of the United Nations Development Program, which has now reached \$1.5 billion. Each year UNDP obtains voluntary contributions, mainly from the rich and developed countries, and a near-matching figure from each developing country. The actual work is carried out by an appropriate specialized agency, known in this context as the "executing agency."

UNDP covers the whole spectrum of development: resource surveys, technical education and training, applied research and economic development planning. But lately the experts have come to believe that the most important factor in the complicated process of steering a backward nation toward economic independence is proper basic

training of its scientists, engineers, agriculture specialists and technicians. It is not surprising, therefore, that half the UNDP's budget is assigned to technical education and planning.

This aspect of "development" got new impetus when various developing nations prevailed on the United Nations in 1963 to hold at Geneva a special conference devoted to the Application of Science and Technology for the Benefit of the Underdeveloped Regions. The conference had an immediate effect because it focused world attention on the fantastic needs of the backward, undereducated, underdeveloped areas of Latin America, Africa and Asia that constitute a total population of more than 2 billion. It brought out some shocking statistics, such as the fact that the twenty-odd developed countries are served by 400,000 engineers and technicians, whereas this great mass of impoverished nations had only 70,000 experts at its disposal, with half of these either being drained off to the richer countries or employed in administrative work instead of at their chosen and needed profession. Another important result of the conference was to encourage the developing nations to cease thinking exclusively in terms of supplying new machinery, new dams and railroads to the undeveloped lands, and to recognize instead that it is at least as necessary to make a long-term investment in trained engineers, specialists and experts.

Three developments came out of this Geneva conference: first, a United Nations Advisory Committee on Science and Technology was created and given the job of coordinating the activity of all the specialized agencies and UNDP phase of development, with special emphasis on science and technology. Second and third, UNESCO initiated two policy decisions: to assign priority in its budget to both education and science, and to plan a series of conferences organized on the same theme as the 1963 Geneva meeting. As of now, UNESCO has held such regional meetings in the Arab states, Asia and the Far East, Africa and Latin America. They have given the advisory committee as well as all the specialized agencies invaluable data on which specific programs can be based.

These UNESCO-inspired meetings found that a number of factors were common to all regions: there is a general lack of scientific training and development; there is usually no national science policy; considerable bureaucracy and red tape have frustrated and discouraged the scientist, and training facilities for the scientist and technician are out of balance with employment opportunities.

Though all regional meetings did not make exactly the same recommendations, the Latin American conference can be used as a guide. It urged development of scientific activities and extending the network of scientific institutions, with particular emphasis in the fields of research on natural resources and industry. It also felt that efforts should be made to orient scientific and industrial research to priorities in economic development. And, as a final recommendation (this goes to the heart of the matter), it proposed that each nation should devote between 0.7 per cent and 1 per cent of its

national income to scientific and industrial research.

Another retarding factor uncovered by these conferences is the serious lack of information as to what scientists and technicians are doing in other parts of the world, both developed and developing. And though UNESCO has a relatively small budget in comparison with the combined resources of UNDP and the respective countries, it has managed to set up five scientific cooperation and information centers in Montevideo, Cairo, Bangkok, New Delhi and Nairobi. Since 1965, UNESCO has also been publishing a most useful series of monographs under the general title of "Science Policy and Organization of Research." This is a historic development, since for the first time nations have been willing to divulge their national science policy (if they have one), the number and kinds of their training institutes, how funds are made available, and plans for the future. Covered so far are Norway, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and South and Southeast Asia.

There remains the problem of more schools, and the recruitment and training of teachers. UNESCO has been the leader in this regard, though today it is being strongly supported in technical areas by such other specialized agencies as FAO, ILO and ITU. A good example of the kind of assistance that UNESCO would like to duplicate throughout the developing regions is the Indian Institute of Technology at Powai, north of Bombay. Here UNESCO, with help from what is now UNDP, and from the Indian Government, spent \$14 million to build a small but excellent institute which graduates 100 engineers a year.

Although the Advisory Committee on the Application of Science and Technology is responsible for integrating the whole field, half of its work is devoted to training, research and the free flow of ideas. The committee is unique in the United Nations family in that it consists of eighteen selected individuals rather than representatives of governments. These scientists, engineers and economists cut across inter-governmental and inter-secretariat lines, producing fresh approaches and counteracting a degree of isolationism among themselves. The committee has been meeting twice a year, with additional regional meetings. From this work have come three important reports which have had a profound effect not only on the thinking and action of the developing countries, who enthusiastically welcome and support the committee, but on the attitudes of the developed countries as well. Two valuable recommendations are for a world plan of development and for a closer link between developing and developed countries. As an example of what can be done along the lines of the second proposal, the committee has pointed out the success of a scheme started by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) at its International Center for Theoretical Physics at Trieste. Here any number of scientists and other interested persons from the developing nations are invited to work with the fifty-odd scientists from the developed countries. The committee hopes that other specialized agencies will follow this lead, thus creating a genuine flow of ideas and techniques.

Summing up the effectiveness of the committee,

Director Guy Gresford points out that a certain number of the developed nations, including the United States, have created their own committees on the problems of development. Also the committee has been able to identify the areas most important for early consideration. Now that it has completed its first phase, which it calls the general philosophical approach, the committee is turning to investigations in detail and in depth. For instance, a meeting on proteins is now at work in Rome, and its report is expected to be of immediate use in all the areas where food shortages are a problem.

Like so many of the heads of the specialized agencies, Mr. Gresford stresses that in spite of all that has been accomplished, the rich nations are getting richer and the poor nations are getting poorer. This growing imbalance is basic to future planning and it is therefore essential to evaluate the reaction of the developed nations—and particularly that of the United States, whose wealth places it in a class by itself.

On the face of it, the United States would seem to be an enthusiastic supporter for development of the backward areas. It has an unbroken record of being the largest contributor to the overall United Nations Development Program. In 1966, it made a voluntary contribution of \$63 million. It has also supported the specialized agencies. Yet the total donation is relatively small, when compared with what the United States is doing on its own. And though the trend is beginning to change, the country, and particularly Congress, which appropriates the money, still tends to give aid in the form of "things," rather than make funds available to the longer-term investment of training and research. Ideally, the two should go together; it makes little sense to produce the engineers if there are no machines for them to operate.

It is also a serious stumbling block that the United States is deeply involved in its own economic development and expansion and needs all the scientists and engineers and doctors it can get. It, like the other developed countries, competes for brains and weans them from the poor countries with better salaries and better research opportunities. And, though it is often denied, there is good reason to suspect that the developed countries use their benevolence as a lever to pry advantageous trade relations from the poor nations; this is particularly the case with respect to oil and other natural resources. It can best be done if the technicians and scientists on the site are not citizens of the nation concerned. In short, it would seem that though the modern and developed countries are now more aware of the world problem, basically they are still thinking of their own futures.

On the other hand, the pressure constantly rises. The underprivileged, undernourished, undereducated and underdeveloped nations are ever more urgently demanding attention for their plight. If the developed nations ignore this trend they court disaster. These poor nations will win their economic freedom, whether by peaceful means or through violence and war. The primary resources of the United Nations today are being spent on establishing alternatives to potential explosion.

EDITORIALS (Continued from page 549)

tions on shore. Obviously the master must retain control of the movements of his ship in detail, but should there not be well-defined routes for tankers and other ships capable of causing regional disasters? Should not these routes be monitored from shore, so that an error in navigation on the ship could be corrected? By all indications, there is too much rampant individualism in this field, both in technique and economics. Instead of merely jacking up the insurance rates on tankers, an intensive effort should be made in the wake of the *Torrey Canyon* disaster to bring order out of the existing confusion.

Teaching Peace

Just at the hour when the New York Spring Mobilization was brought to a close by a sudden thundershower over United Nations Plaza, another kind of peace meeting concluded two days of "workshop" discussions in a far corner of the city. The Pacem in Terris Institute of Manhattan College, organized last year by faculty members of this modest-sized Roman Catholic institution for men, held its inaugural convocation on "education for peace"; more than 250 academics, from an impressive variety of disciplines and a fair selection of Eastern campuses, participated.

Purpose of the conference: to promote "a place in the curriculum . . . for the study of the nature and problems of peace." In other words, to make peace a "legitimate" subject for formal courses and lectures, rather than merely the object of extracurricular political interest. Some examples, at Manhattan: a three-credit course called "The Anatomy of Peace," given last semester by the history department; lectures by Tom T. Stonier, director of the Institute, on the effects of radiation and on group aggression, given in a general biology course; "The Philosophies of War and Peace," to be offered next year by the philosophy department. Stonier, a cancer researcher, author of *Nuclear Disaster*, and secretary of the Federation of American Scientists, hopes that the exchange and confrontations at the conference may serve as "a model for broadening the educational process."

The coincidental conflict of dates reflected, inadvertently, a divergence of opinion on the relative importance of academic and political peace-seeking. But the nature of the group itself was at least an interesting political expression of coexistence. Not many peace gatherings are likely to collect, along with liberal and radical college teachers, staff members from West Point and the Hudson Institute (including director Herman Kahn himself), leading European Communist philosophers (including Roger Garaudy of France and Mihailo Markovic of Yugoslavia), eminent theologians (such as John Courtney Murray and John Coleman Bennett), and even Pope Paul, represented in a special personal letter of encouragement to the convocation.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The High Cost of Professionalism

THE ARTIST IN AMERICAN SOCIETY: The Formative Years, 1790-1860. By Neil Harris. George Braziller. 432 pp. \$7.50.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English at The Pennsylvania State University. He is the author of Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol (Oxford University Press).

By "artist in American society" Neil Harris means the figure cut by the producer of visible art objects—how he sees himself and how he is seen. Social perception, not aesthetic, is the material of this excellent book, and while the immediate object of scrutiny is the shifting outlines of the artist figure, its ultimate image is America itself in its formative years. *The Artist in American Society*, "an inquiry into the relationship between a community's values and its culture," brings into the sharpest focus yet achieved by an American scholar the framework of arguments, opinions and rationalizations which has fixed the artist's pose in the eyes of his countrymen.

Neil Harris, a young member of the History Department at Harvard University, tells a familiar story, but the manner of the telling adds more to our historical knowledge than one might expect of a scholarly method alone. Borrowing judiciously from the social sciences, especially from the sociology of Max Weber, Harris poses his central question: "By what confluence of ideas and events did the work of the artist become legitimate work in America?" The process, as the author painstakingly reconstructs it, was fascinating and chilling, and left a permanent pattern of responses.

In the early years the arts were clearly on the defensive; post-Revolutionary America was dedicated to a plan of action and a definition of goals (mainly to achieve a state of national virtue and benevolence) inherently hostile to the politically irrelevant, economically useless and morally doubtful performances of the artist. He was on the fringes of a new society which lacked any obvious ways of welcoming him into the fold, unclear himself of his function, wavering uncertainly between thinking of himself as a creative genius (as defined by Joshua Reynolds) or only an

artisan, deprived, so far, of great native themes for historical or allegorical canvases or statuary. Isolated not only from the centers of training in Europe but from the great works of art themselves—suspected as an agent of aristocratic taste and the luxury of sensory indulgence—the artist was far from a leading contestant for a starring role in the American success story.

But as the plot develops, it turns out to be a success story, of a sort, after all. By 1860, the artist had found an apparently comfortable institutional role in American life. Increasing wealth and leisure, the birth of a class of patrons (merchants and lawyers especially), and wider European travel provided Americans with the need and the intellectual means to clarify the artist figure as combining devotion to "beauty"—the spiritual component—with entrepreneurial common sense and conservative social values. Popularized versions of Transcendentalism filtered into the public mind enough notions to assemble a version of nationalism based on native art. The consummate sanction appeared in the closing years of the period as the clergy embraced artists as partners in the service of public morality. And on this uneasy scene Harris draws his curtain.

Thus American art got its legitimacy by becoming, for its patrons, its consumers and frequently its producers, a perfectly safe—even necessary—way of passing one's time. The major discovery between 1790 and 1860 was that art objects can have a "moral efficacy" and thereby serve as instruments of "so-

cial control." Its putative spiritual values (once the artist figure purged itself of romantic excesses) might help uphold the virtuous order of things. "The cause of art was captured," writes the author, "by energetic conservatives, eager to bolster their harmonious ideology." Artists themselves, while "weak and dependent upon private aid, were only too happy to aid in campaigns of moralism." The costs of professionalism turned out to be loss of the very ideals of freedom and creativity which drew many into art—certainly a familiar American story.

The legacy created in these formative years can be described as the making of, and the artist's surrender to, a genteel tradition. This legacy became the burdensome facts of life for later artists like Eakins, Ryder and Sullivan. But the story after 1860 is another chapter, and the fact that the reader closes this book with a sense of an unfinished story testifies to the author's remarkable ability to animate his subject. Harris manages to make his points almost entirely through the voices of his speakers, who include dozens of obscure patrons, travelers and journalists, as well as famous artists, writers and clergymen. His book is a feat of organization and insinuation. Such governing abstractions as Veblen's "conspicuous consumption" and Santayana's "genteel tradition" are not mentioned, yet assume a vibrancy and a much needed freshness.

Although the book has little aesthetic analysis of specific art works, it does demonstrate how certain forms and styles

SO FAIR A WORLD IT WAS

*So fair a world it was,
So far away in the dark, the dark,
Yet lighted, oh, so well, so well:
Water and land,
So clear, so sweet;
So fair, it should have been forever.*

*And would have been, and would have been,
If—what?
Be still. But what?
Keep quiet, child. So fair it was,
The memory is like a death
That dies again; that dies again.*

MARK VAN DOREN

emerged from social pressures and interactions. It demonstrates the relevance of such matters as the politics of commissions, the artist's choice of a place to live (city or country? which city? what street?), the availability of materials, the perils and turmoils of European travel. It relates the "strident realism" of American portraiture to the "occupational defensiveness" of artists and their social need to demonstrate mastery of literal representation. Harris persuades us that styles do not simply "happen," nor are they mystical emanations of national traits, but are, at least in part, the result of discernible social processes.

Most of all, *The Artist in American Society* persuades us of its own importance. Controversies about art are controversies about the most critical issues of community life and destiny. Not that Harris holds that art possesses a sentimental value as "high culture." "In the deepest sense," he reminds us, "art's ultimate legitimization—its ability to exist without one—was never achieved in nineteenth-century America." But insofar as a radically noninstrumental activity, such as art, challenged a highly

instrumental minded society for a place therein, the history of the challenge records a crucial passage in the psyche of that society. Harris stops short of a full articulation of this issue, but I am not sure this is a fault; it may be the reader's own problem to bring the work's finest implications to the surface.

The book's virtually dramatic method avoids overt argument, and in effect invites the reader to participate in the dialectic of not-so-old controversies. The method does have a shortcoming. While it succeeds brilliantly in tracing the social and political conformations of Andrew Jackson Downing's thought, and his conservative uses of Transcendentalism, it does poorly in failing to indicate that that philosophy was also a serious body of thought, more than a group of socially relevant opinions. To associate Emerson and Thoreau with "beauty crusades" and "commitment to beautification" may expose a public misuse of ideas half understood, but fails to evaluate the independent power and scope of the ideas themselves. Yet, after all, the book does not set out to do this. It is vital, fresh and firm, and we could hardly ask for more.

who was remarkable for her outstanding moral qualities, who greatly loved the orphaned child, but who unwisely if unconsciously sought to dominate the children's moral outlook. Marriage itself seems to have thrown her into considerable perturbation; and she opposed Bertrand's marriage as injudiciously as she had his father's. "This gave me an uncanny feeling," is Russell's significant comment, "that I was not living my own life but my father's over again. . . ." Sharing a common mother with one's father must have a very unsettling effect on one's sense of identity, a subject which has greatly interested Russell in its logical aspects but not in its psychological ones.

The love of truth is the greatest of virtues. It calls for both courage and humility, and Russell esteems it very highly. He, too, is not without humility, while his courage is beyond question. Throughout his long life he has rarely ceased to assail those in power for sacrificing justice, equality and freedom to the claims of power. At the age of 91, he went uncomplaining to prison—not for the first time—in defiance of the government's nuclear "defense" depravities. By so doing he earned the profound respect and gratitude of multitudes opposing evil throughout the world. Courage of a rather different order is required, however, to state publicly the truth about oneself as distinct from the truth about public affairs. Earl Russell, by the extreme candor of his confessions concerning his sexual relations in the period down to 1914, compels us to wonder why he has chosen to publish these facts. Russell himself would doubtless echo Bishop Butler: "Things and actions are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be; why then should we seek to be deceived?" If confession is good for the soul, presumably public confession that is sincere is even better. But although Russell's account of his relations with women, particularly with an unnamed American girl, frequently makes harsh and painful reading, there is no hint of contrition expressed. Sorrow on one occasion, but not contrition. His first wife is criticized on the ground that notwithstanding her great qualities, she was malicious, insincere and untruthful—grave charges—but she is nowhere enabled to speak on her own behalf.

The publishers claim that the book will establish itself as a classic, bearing comparison with Rousseau's celebrated *Confessions* in its freedom from inhibition. Here, it would seem to be implied, in the interests of truth,

Russell in His Prime

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, 1872-1914. Little, Brown & Co. 356 pp. \$7.95.

RONALD SAMPSON

Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol (England). His most recent book is *The Psychology of Power* (Pantheon).

Volume 1 of Earl Russell's autobiography is a straightforward, factual account of his first 42 years, lavishly anecdotal in style and amply documented with selections from his correspondence at the time. Through the letters we are permitted fascinating glimpses of such different figures as Gilbert Murray, G. Lowes Dickinson, Beatrice Webb, George Trevelyan, Joseph Conrad, and by no means least, his grandmother, the Dowager Countess Russell, to cite but a few. The most attractive side of Russell's own character, a compassionate concern for another person's unhappiness, emerges in his own letters to Lucy Martin Donnelly. The volume will remain an important source for consultation on the social life of Victorian Whig aristocrats, on the suffragette campaign in which Russell played a significant role, on intellectual coteries like the

Cambridge "apostles" and the London Fabians, and on the history of professional British philosophy in the crucial phase when the idealism of the Hegelians gave way to the empiricism of the mathematical logicians.

Bertrand Russell had the grave misfortune to be orphaned before he was out of the nursery, so that he has no memory of his mother and only the barest recollection of his father. His father, son of the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, caused great scandal by a public-spirited attempt to ventilate discussion of the need for birth control. Though not a pacifist, he detested war, and referred in a published paper to soldiers as "murderers." His wife, one of the Stanleys of Alderley, was notable for her absolute fearlessness and her able championing of the cause of woman's emancipation from servitude to man.

In addition to the grievous blow sustained by his parents' tragically premature death, the child had the further misfortune of inheriting from his father £20,000—at that time a very considerable fortune—thus being relieved of the necessity of earning a living or acquiring a regular profession. On the other hand, he was blessed with a "grannie"

nothing is suppressed. If the warts portrayed are painful to behold, they bespeak at least the subjugation of vanity. Painful external facts are relentlessly recorded, it is true—the candor is admirable—but evidence concerning the much more important matter of the inner spiritual condition productive of the external facts is generally lacking in comparable candor. Earl Russell reveals, for instance, his mother's tragic and seemingly passionless adultery with the tutor of her eldest child while fatally ill of consumption, in the comparatively short period that elapsed between Bertrand's birth and her own death.

What he does not record is the great pain that this discovery concerning his mother must have caused him. His grandparents, when they made this posthumous discovery, reacted, he says, with "the utmost Victorian horror"—stuffy old puritans! But that most certainly could not have been his own manner of viewing it at the time. Nor do we merely have to infer this from our knowledge of the rigorous moral culture in which he was reared. We have his own avowal of his state of mind at the age of 16: "I became very Puritanical in my views, and decided that sex without deep love is beastly." And on marriage at the age of 22, he was at pains to assure himself that there was no element of lust in his love for his betrothed.

Precisely because Russell is sincere in his desire to record the truth about himself, failure at this point suggests that the emotions were so painful that they were relegated deep into the unconscious. His reference in a quite different context to his dreaming that he discovered his mother "to be mad, not dead, and that, on this ground, I felt it my duty not to marry," suggests a possibly different interpretation from the one which he himself puts upon it. Madness after all is a sufficient defense against badness. Russell belongs to a generation that was too early to be able to assimilate the painful truths of Freud. His book contains but two brief references to "Freudians"—a defiant challenge to make what they can out of a trifling, irrelevant episode, and a reference of unconcealed hostility to a psychoanalyst in a social context where he had the best of reasons for feeling guilty.

On the slender evidence available it is not possible adequately to understand the root causes of Russell's adult behavior. But it demands explanation. Himself a passionate moralist, his quest for love is so compulsive (and self-defeating)



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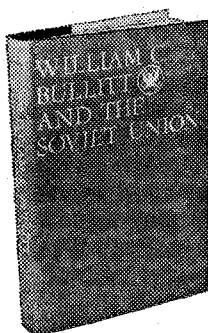
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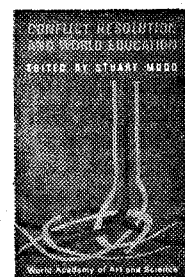
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that he appears inordinately blind to his own relentless egoism. His contempt for what he would term the puritan view of love and marriage, takes no regard for a woman's profound need for emotional security in a relation so crucial that it may at any time become the source of new life. And the effects of emotional insecurity and deprivation of love on a child should be abundantly apparent to one whose own childhood bore eloquent and pathetic witness to the loneliness experienced when bereft of parental love.

The correspondence, laid bare in this volume, as already indicated, is rich in

the variety of topics touched upon, and makes absorbing reading. Russell's own inimitable dry irony, wit, humanity and sadness, are clearly revealed. But they also betray a restless, febrile quality that fails to command the most serious attention. In a letter from Chelsea he writes to Gilbert Murray in 1902: "Modern life is very difficult: I wish I lived in a cloister wearing a hair shirt and sleeping on a crucifix." A fortnight later he writes from Florence (December 28): "The house has been furnished by Berenson with exquisite taste; it has some very good pictures, and a most absorbing library."

who understands his problem. He says:

The paralysis of doing nothing had caught up with us little by little, and the farther we strayed from reality the more helplessly we drowned . . . moral energy that remains unused turns into neurasthenia. The contrast between the subject and painting, dreams and reality, is so dizzying that people like Rafael, Ricardo and me eventually doubt our own sense. I said we were slowly going crazy, and I didn't see how the process could be stopped. I said all this mechanically, as if someone else were talking. Ana looked at me with her beautiful dark eyes, and now and then nodded. "Sleep, darling. We'll talk tomorrow."

But this turns out to be a whine, not a resolution. The lawyer hasn't the guts to wholeheartedly love either his wife or the girl, and his self-absorption makes him fail to respond to a poor man's plea for help.

The third story is about a couple who take on vacation with them the unsettled issue of letters between the wife and a lover. He claims to forgive her, and both are polite, even solicitous. But he hates her. She in turn suffers guilt and despises him; subtly she rejects him. He tries to bait her into further infidelity. She despises him more. They go on testing and wounding each other until they reach a peace that promises to be mere armed truce.

The fourth story is told by a man who has lived in France for some years and now returns to Spain to visit the companion of his youth. The friend has married a charming bitch with a fag-moll mentality—never possessed, never possessing enough to satisfy her. The husband has become bitter, ironic, withdrawn; he is half his wife's lackey and half her sniping enemy, unable either to quit or win. His brilliant scholarly career is at a standstill. The house is full of hangers-on who are agonizingly fashionable and banal, upper-middle-class collectors of Bessie Smith records who try to sleep with the peasant tenants and envy their "real life close to the soil." The story is a meticulous chronicle of human waste and the perversion of life. Everyone lives in a prison of spurned challenges, silly chatter, cynicism and masked anger. The visitor returns to France, to freedom of the heart.

At the end of each story, the title tolls with icy, unsparing irony; the subtitle becomes pins that hold four grotesque, wriggling insects on a mounting board. There are no winners in this book, among rich or poor, husbands or wives, old or young. It has become clear that the identical absence taints politics and love in Spain, giving both the angry incompleteness of masturbation. In both, real feel-

Definitions of Love

THE PARTY'S OVER. By Juan Goytisolo. Translated by Jose Yglesias. Grove Press. 188 pp. \$3.95.

ARNO KARLEN

Mr. Karlen writes fiction and criticism. He is the author of a book of short stories, *White Apples* (Lippincott).

Juan Goytisolo, like his characters, grew up amid mute anger and futility. He was born into Spain's small comfortable class in 1931 in Barcelona. He came of age in a land of absences and avoidance, where men are poisoned by their unspent lives, knowing that authentic acts mean grave trouble. Goytisolo studied law at the Universities of Barcelona and Madrid, but gave it up for writing when, at 21, he saw his first book published. *The Young Assassins* was about middle-class delinquents such as he'd known at school—like many adolescents all over the world, vengeful toward a society that had surfeited them with everything but love and purpose. A gang of youths arbitrarily plot the assassination of a minor politician, trick the least violent among them into the job, murder him for failing, and break up in mutual betrayal. Like Salinger, Goytisolo used disaffected youth to expose the "phonies" of the older generation; unlike Salinger, he knew that the unloved cannot love, that the youth are not pure but themselves corrupted by their parents' emotional and moral bankruptcy. They are deprived souls, and their gesture is one of unfocused anger, not of reform or even indignation. Although the author denied political intent, and the book was not explicitly critical of the government, it was cut by censors.

Goytisolo's next books, *La Resaca* (*The Undertow*) and *Fiestas*, had to be published in Argentina. *Fiestas* was

about children, shanty-town poor, outcasts, and the pious villainy of a church and state that refuse to admit their existence except to repress them. Another book, *Children of Chaos*, was about children brutalized by the Civil War; it too displeased the censors. In 1957, Goytisolo moved to France, where he has lived and worked ever since.

In *Island of Women* he stopped writing about the young. He told what the older "phonies" are like among themselves, rather than as their children see them. The characters are members of Spain's *dolce vita* set. They live on casual, angry sex; on alcohol; on sleeping pills; on fads; on play-acted emotion; on anything that will give them a moment's surcease from impotent self-hatred, staled ideals and soured affections.

The Party's Over—beautifully translated by Jose Yglesias—carries the same theme a step further in artistic refinement. The subtitle reads: "Four Attempts To Define a Love Story," and each section is about a summer vacation of the wealthy in Spain. The first is told by a youth in an Andalusian fishing village that has become a resort town, and describes its disruption by a visiting Swedish couple. The Swedes's marriage is a shambles; they drink a lot; the wife sleeps with the narrator's friend; the husband weeps or withdraws. The natives are narrow, bigoted, twisted by their poverty and by the Mediterranean tradition of *machismo*; they have turned into parasites, panders and studs to the tourists. The ending is inconclusive. Nothing has changed the misery of the Swedes or the intolerance and ignorance of the peasants.

The second story is about a prosperous, liberally inclined lawyer, his wife and a young girl infatuated with him. The lawyer is the only character in the book

ings are best unspoken—or, safer still, unfelt. The corruption of the dictatorship has reached everywhere, from statute to bed. The situation is hopeless because the enemy is no longer a man or party but a society that has adapted—under duress, or out of exhaustion or in despair. People live both public and private lives like frantic somnambulists, not daring to awaken and pronounce the enemy's real name. In a land where so few are privileged, who would do so and chance losing privilege? Risk re-enacting a lost war? Love alone among the unfeeling? The men and women, like the rich and poor, suspect and exploit one another. The husbands are weak cheats, the women cunning and consuming bitches. They sandpaper one another's nerves, encouraging infidelity to justify their own cold hate; even their miserable confessions are frauds perpetrated upon themselves. It is in this world that the angry children of Goytisolo's early books grew up, never knowing what frank feeling is, or loyalty to people and ideas.

Goytisolo claims to be nonpolitical, and politics is not directly discussed by him or his characters. Instead of explaining, he brings to life. His callous rich live by fads, hypocrisy, self-centeredness and desperation; his brutalized poor find relief in tormenting those a little worse off than themselves. He is a master of indirection at showing the gap between social reality and its official versions, and the parallel gaps between marriage and sex and love. His genius is not polemic or documentary but in his power of magical portraiture.

It is a respectable cliché of critics and teachers that novelistic genius lies in the selection of details. But an artist does not edit reality; he creates it. When he must construct on paper a personality, a human climate, he must do so with his imagination, not by winnowing down a card file of information. In fiction, the dialogue, landscape and incident work as metaphors do in verse. Goytisolo's skill at inventing economical, suggestive details makes him a delight for other writers to read. His prose is cool, controlled, compact. The color of the sky, a boat being rowed, a snatch of conversation, a silence—all work like the techniques of perspective painting, where manipulating the surface creates a whole dimension in depth.

Goytisolo is still young, as novelists go, and still growing in the clarity of his vision, the force of his feeling and intellectual focus, the precision and power of his means. They are the gifts with which he promises to become one of the major world novelists of his generation.

Experts tell the China story— a case of evolution toward revolution



John King Fairbank CHINA

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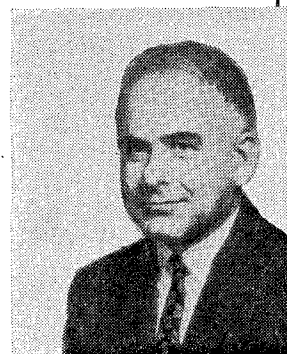
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IN SEARCH OF WEALTH AND POWER

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TELEVISION / John Horn

Mr. Horn covers television daily for the Publishers Newspaper Syndicate, and theatre and popular entertainment for the weekly Rockland Independent. He has been television critic-reporter for the New York Herald Tribune, Variety and the New York Star, and a field producer on Edward R. Murrow's Person to Person.

With the majority of set owners voting against television's massive inanity by keeping screens dark most of the time, it is necessary these days to sound an alert when programing of merit appears in the offing. Such an event is Part II of the Senate Communications Subcommittee hearings, chaired by Sen. John Pastore (D., R.I.) on the Magnuson bill for public television, April 25 through 28.

Part I heard the noncommercial sector of American television—members of National Educational Television (NET), the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, et al.—from April 11 through 14. Part II covers commercial television interests with taped highlights of the subcommittee hearings being tele-

cast in prime-time hours by the NET network over some seventy affiliated stations.

"The future of noncommercial broadcasting in the United States is at stake in these hearings," says NET programming vice president, William H. Kobin. "The course it takes will affect all of broadcasting. The public interest is deeply involved." Those still stubborn and tenacious enough to cling to the view that television can be rescued as a potential national resource owe themselves a look.

What will be most instructive in the Part II hearings will be the pattern of attack commercial broadcasters mount against the central issue—the moving issue—in Sen. Warren G. Magnuson's bill, S. 1160. No quarrel is expected over extension and improvement of grants for noncommercial radio and television facility construction, or over authorization for a study of instructional television, or the establishment of a non-profit, noncommercial Public Television Corporation—though there may be some grumbling about the "political" complexion of the corporation's board of directors, to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

But a no-holds-barred alley fight is anticipated on the big question: who is to pay for public television? The Carnegie Commission foresees an ultimate annual public television budget of more than \$100 million. Where will the money come from?

The Ford Foundation hitches the financial wagon for its more limited noncommercial network plan to a domestic communications satellite restricted to television, with commercial users paying disproportionately high fees to finance the noncommercial. The Carnegie Commission proposes an excise tax on TV sets, no doubt to be passed along to the public. But the public has already invested \$20 billion in sets and is spending \$2 billion annually. One lone, dissenting Carnegie commissioner, Joseph H. McConnell, a former N.B.C. president, thinks commercial television and advertisers should be taxed. That is the heresy that commercial television spokesmen will be denouncing.

The suggestion that commercial television should subsidize noncommercial television would have been laughed out of the court of public opinion five or more years ago. But in those days, television's promise was still believed, and the net-

works had not clearly embarked on a steady decline of program quality in pursuit of audience quantity. The current, regularly scheduled nighttime programs of the three national networks are overwhelmingly absurd twaddle. And the "give the public what it wants" philosophy, publicly espoused by all the network programming vice presidents a year and a half ago, has proved as fallacious in America as England's Pilkington report described it to be in 1962:

A service which caters only for majorities can never satisfy all, or even most of the needs of any individual. It cannot, therefore, satisfy all the needs of the public.

No one can say he is giving the public what it wants unless the public knows the whole range of possibilities which television can offer and, from this range, chooses what it wants to see. For a choice is only free if the field of choice is not unnecessarily restricted. . . .

"To give the public what it wants" is a misleading phrase, because it appears to appeal to democratic principle but does not. In fact, the slogan is "patronizing and arrogant" in that it claims to know what the public is, but defines it as no more than the mass audience.

If there is a sense in which the phrase may be used it is this: . . . what the public wants and what it has the right to get is the freedom to choose from the widest possible range of program matter. Anything less is deprivation.

The writer, David Karp, who did at one time get quality drama on the air, has summed up the basic aim and meaning of American commercial television: "TV shows are not supposed to be good. They are supposed to make money."

And money the networks have made. In 1965, according to Dr. Hyman H. Goldin of the Carnegie Commission, "network television billings were \$338 million for A.B.C., \$492 million for C.B.S. and \$430 million for N.B.C. In the same year, advertising revenues for *Life*, *Time* and *Look* combined were \$323 million." That year the Federal Communications Commission announced that the television industry was reporting almost \$2 billion in total broadcast revenues and \$447.9 million in pre-tax profits. The three networks and their owned and operated stations had pre-tax profits of \$161.6 million.

Last year the trade magazine, *Broadcasting*, reported that radio and television had "more billings than in any other year of either's history," and estimated television's total billings to be up by 8 per cent.

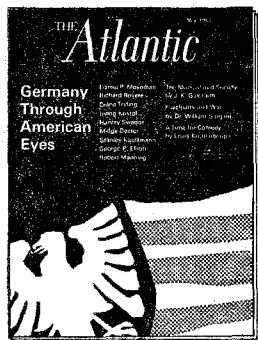
Dr. Goldin estimates the budget of noncommercial television at 3 per cent of the aforementioned \$2 billion. As long

GERMANY Through American Eyes

Impressions of a group of writers and editors who visited Germany earlier this year . . . what surprised — interested — disappointed — or disturbed:

Daniel P. Moynihan Harvey Swados
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Another look — New discoveries

as the commercial and noncommercial branches of television are equally promising in their individual roles, such comparisons were not stressed. But the Carnegie Commission report, while refraining from explicit criticism, has condemned commercial television by implication: "Television has been fashioned into a miraculous instrument. The opportunity is at hand to turn the instrument to the best uses of American society, and to make it of new and increased service to the general public." To speak of impending miracles after almost twenty years of commercial television is to confess failure on a colossal scale.

An appraisal of American television, both commercial and noncommercial, is long overdue. Is the present dual system the one we really want? Shall we continue to condone the enormously lucrative milking of the public air waves (record network profits are being transferred into non-regulated businesses),

while noncommercial and educational television subsists on handouts from private and government sources?

Our need is great and it is twofold: we should have a national noncommercial alternative to what the commercial suppliers now call entertainment—a service that would aspire to excellence instead of seeking the lowest basic appeal—and we should have solidly financed educational broadcasting on local, regional and network levels. Where are we to get the money, if not from the commercial operators and the advertisers? They are now using the air as though it belonged to them; indeed, they are the richest squatters in history, and we should consider charging them rent.

The question of long-range financing of public television does not actually come up for a year (a first-year sum of \$9 million is proposed to get the corporation going) but the war of the air begins with the battle of April 25-28.

PHOTOGRAPHY / Max Kozloff

There has been much comment upon what the so-called "New American Cinema," and its sometime counterpart, serious American photography, aspire to, in the way of aesthetic impulse, as they grapple with our common experience in an anti-establishment context. But it is essential to see in a certain mutual iconography — Hell's Angels, campy, jewel-laden men and women, a fetishism of the skin, visceral or glutinous glances at fruit and meat, social estrangement—not so much a revelation of actuality as a harboring of special inclination, clichés masquerading as protest. On the one hand, these can be farfetched and erotic, but there is a whole school that tends, rather, to elevate the commonplace, the isolated, the transient, the trivial, the incidental, as if these were the real components that made up the American scene. Above all, the themes of abstracted faces in the crowd, of vacant, highly reflective or mirrored surfaces, catching in their planes only the vacuity of the life around them, a haunted loneliness and grotesquerie—such themes, fusing together in a kind of pointless, chance-ridden profusion, provide much of the material to which ambitious young photographers have addressed themselves.

They are, of course, clichés in their own right, stereotyped even when accidental. Yet, for the very reason of having insisted upon them in their obvious accessibility, a group of energetic

and imaginative "social documenters" has forced us to reassess the temper and meaning of walking the streets of our cities. Such a development in photography has a dual origin. On one hand there is its own prior history, which is rampant with amateurs, snapshotters and candid photographers, who have unquestionably affected the way the urban and rural ambience rearranges and disports itself under the ultra-mobile camera gaze. On the other hand, there are larger cultural implications which seem to have come, partly from a view of America that has crystallized from Pop art, partly from the viewpoint of certain foreign observers of our scene. Already in the 1950s, Simone de Beauvoir, in *America Day by Day*, commented in repeated astonishment on the plethora of mirrors that everywhere confronted her in this country. About the same time, Robert Frank, a Swiss photographer who traveled the States on a Guggenheim fellowship, purveyed a sad and pungent scrutiny of the familiar, in terms of the unreal, the anomic, the mindlessness of a wayward technology, and a vastness of landscape, in which people still seem to be camping, instead of having long ago settled. In the view of François Reichenbach, who made, the film *L'Amérique Insolite* (1960), the very instability of American existence could be examined in terms of liturgies: beauty contests, rodeos, strip teasers, water-skiing, baton twirlers, etc., all

The Political Illusion

Has our passion for politics, and for "politicizing" everything, spawned a strange new world—a world of interlocking illusions—in which we are willingly trapped?

Do we live in a peculiar political trance in which we insist that the state be omnipotent, and expect it to solve all our problems, although in most cases it couldn't—even if it tried?

"In the 17th century we could have written of the comic illusion", says France's distinguished sociologist, Jacques Ellul, on the opening page of his devastating diagnosis (and prognosis) of modern life. "In our day the illusion has become tragic."

The Political Illusion

by Jacques Ellul

author of *The Technological Society* and *Propaganda*
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observed as if by some fabulous anthropologist. And, in a current exhibition of three young photographers—Gary Winogrand, Lee Friedlander and Diane Arbus—at the Museum of Modern Art, these liturgies, though sometimes unrecognizably broken down, still seem to inform, in fact, give remarkable life, to glimpses of our time and place.

What these photographers have in common is a complete loss of faith in the mass media as vehicle, or even market for their work. Newsiness, from the journalistic point of view, and "stories," from the literary one, in any event, do not interest them. They have long since agreed with the innocent message of Philip Roth, in his famous article, "Writing American Fiction" (*Commentary*, March, 1961), in which he despairs of the power of current fiction to surpass the incredibility of the American scene itself, a scene that had elected Eisenhower as its President. Now we have movie stars and racist restaurant owners for governors, and the novelists can't possibly invoke the look of an atmosphere that could ever have permitted them.

Photographs, being mute and visual,

tend to abstract or give a curiously immobilized, arrested quality to the situation as it impinges upon us. In place of the Farm Security Administration photographs, perhaps the most archetypal visualizations of the American reality in the thirties, we now have Elliot Erwitt's empty Fontainebleau Hotel hall in Miami, with its swirled vinyl floor and its maddeningly floral-lattice wallpaper. What is caught superbly well is the latent, as well as the outright, hysteria and violence that immediately affect a viewer on his first visit, or after a long separation from these shores. Of course, novels like Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, can literally spell it out; and television, like a kinescoped Selma march, can drench us with it at its most hateful. But the photographs are, in the end, the more frightening because they are the more "unexplained" in their extrapolations from a reality too absurd and formless to confront in its whole.

One does not look at a photograph with the attentiveness and resources with which one encounters an ambitious painting. But it is nevertheless true that the photograph shares with painting the authority, direct or indirect, of the author's particular willfulness. In its special form of consciousness, camera work theoretically lies between fiction, with its narrative techniques, and painting, with its metaphoric ones.

Whenever photography transgresses this territory and moves toward the literary, it opens itself up to adverse criticism. Such would be Gary Winogrand's image of a little boy, bedecked with Mickey Mouse hat, traipsing through a Forest Lawn-like cemetery, in tow behind his mother. I do not quarrel with the mordancy or the justice of the comment, but with the fact that it is a comment, and, however caught by happenstance, a calculated one at that. Here the documentary is transcended by the didactic, with the effect of putting me, at least, in reverse emotional gear. There is a patness about such a situation, too quick and easy an invitation to see it as a foible. Similarly, I react negatively to all those scenes of muted despair, designed, it seems, to reveal the photographer's special sensitivity to the social attrition of American life. How mechanical an attitude it is to frame people in their habitual stances of boredom, distraction and vulgarity. It is a banal tripping of the shutter, with diminishing literary returns.

For all the sinuous nicety in the way he zones the countryside, Andrew Wyeth is the most celebrated perpetrator of

this literary cliché, this stylized candor. It is not necessary to argue how much Wyeth (whose retrospective concluded recently at the Whitney Museum) has been affected by photography in structuring his pictorial apparatus. His (not so much respect for, but) indulgence in factuality has about it the incriminating cast of illustration. And yet, as Lawrence Alloway lately reaffirms, how insufferably pretentious are the symbolistic aspirations of this farmyard soothsayer as he attempts to translate his isolated turfs and gnarled physiognomies into statements about *man's condition*, or at the very least, nostalgically sums up the *spirit* of a whole terrain. In their stiffish dignity, or aged pathos, his Negroes are particularly bad examples of a false consciousness that mollifies the uneasy prejudices of his middle-class audience. The effect of Wyeth's work is paternalistic, frequently in respect to his subjects, and almost always in its "reflex jabbing" (Alloway) at its spectators. The same goes for the more subtle of his affinities with photography: those overhead views and turned backs, coquettish, accidental shadows, "clever" cropping; the magnified pores of skin, the crumpled weeds, frayed curtains intimately seen, and preciously empty house corners. All these details are manipulated by an eye for sentimental pungency, just as photographers may lie in wait for similar subjects, like duck shooters for their prey. Studied or unstudied, these effects are alienating because they refuse to acknowledge their own premises, their own slightly vapid seriousness, concealed as a modesty of tone.

Without denying that there have been splendid examples of this genre in photography, without imputing dishonorable intentions to their creators or neglecting the extent that they have enriched the whole field, one turns with relief to an opposite or alternative mode in the medium. I mean that attitude which will always see spontaneity as inherently compromised, and which leans deliberately and unashamedly toward the controlled and the monumental, admitting, as it does so, the immobilized condition that photography imposes upon its motifs. Doubtless, this too is a cliché, or certainly a convention vulnerable to the judgment that it is out of keeping with the nominally intimate scale of photography. There have been as many mistakes in it, as many pretenses, as in the opposite style. In fact, they have a tendency to be more self-evident. However, the hieratic freezing of images has a reputable history. Quite aside from Brady, I can cite the recently published photos of Frances Johnson "document-

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ing" (but more apparently, abstracting) the life of Negroes at the Hampton Institute (1900). Its chief European exponent was Eugene Atget. And its antecedents in painting go as far back as Piero della Francesca, though it is more relevant to think of its efflorescence in the thirties in the work of Paul Strand, Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange. Edward Hopper, for his part, inflected it with particular authority in his easel paintings. At their best, photographers of this persuasion have overcome embarrassment at the frozen, posed look of their images. On the contrary, formal control is as essential to their aesthetic, as accident is to their colleagues. In the work of Diane Arbus, this calculated frontality comes to have a striking modernity.

If Winogrand, from his moving car, lays claim to a reality that seems almost to have been inadvertently stopped in its tracks (the next instant might change it entirely), Arbus wants to heighten reality by its overt solicitation of response. Her transvestites and widows and nudists and Puerto Ricans look out upon us unflinchingly, as though, if not to countenance, to challenge the prurience of the photographic act. The psychological complexity of experiencing these photos has been acutely analyzed by Marion Magid in the current *Arts* magazine: "One does not look," she says, "with impunity, as anyone knows who has ever stared at the sleeping face of a familiar person and discovered its strangeness. Once having looked and not looked away, we are implicated. When we have met the gaze of a midget or a female

impersonator, a transaction takes place between the photograph and the viewer. In a kind of healing process, we are cured of our criminal urgency by having dared to look. The picture forgives us, as it were, for looking. In the end, the great humanity of Diane Arbus' art is to sanctify that privacy which she seems at first to have violated."

Not only has the maimed or aberrated subject *consented* to be observed but in effect he seems to have gained a curious aplomb through being observed. Arbus' refusal to be compassionate, her revulsion against moral judgment, lends her work an extraordinary ethical conviction. The glazed eye of Lee Friedlander's television set, playing in an empty room, is not more meaningful than Arbus' hair-curlered fairy, returning our scrutiny, nor is it less of a "set-up"—though it pretends not to be. It does not have that urgent complicity by which the Arbus photo produces in us its characteristic shiver. These unflinching American personages, who are altered by what seem to be glandular disturbances, kinky exhibitionism and general malaise, have the peculiar quality, as the exhibition director, John Szarkowski, has noted, of displacing neurosis onto the unexpected large quotient of "normal" people in her gamut of types. And if they do that, they have also by implication the capacity to impute the same condition to their beholders. This too, is the American reality, but a reality that has risen from the status of cliché to that of hideous insight.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

Washington, D.C.

Until last summer when the Chichester Festival production of *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* made its author into a popular and critical success, John Arden had been England's most disprized major living playwright. Even more prolific than Albee, Arden had written seven full-length plays in ten years, plus three radio or television plays, an adaptation from Goethe, and two plays in collaboration with his wife, Margaretta D'Arcy. (This is taken from the production record and does not include unproduced work, if indeed there is any.) All the major plays before *Armstrong* had been more or less flops *d'estime*, to borrow John Russell Taylor's observation on the first Royal Court production of *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. This is to say that Arden's plays had created for their author partisans

who, incidentally, were vindicated in the success of *Armstrong*. In America, where *Musgrave* was a flop *d'estime* and *Live Like Pigs* a flop plain, Arden is yet to emerge from the relative chill of admiration by university and theatre workshop coteries into the warm sun of popular and critical reception. Apparently a major American production of *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* is needed to bring that off.

Arden's ability to attract partisans no doubt kept him from being finished off early in his career; more than that, it provided the clearest indication before *Armstrong* that Arden could emerge as a major dramatist of our time. For partisanship is prophetic in that the disciple's unwillingness to admit of defects in his subject attests to the greater power of the subject's virtues. In Arden's case, the

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virtues are the vigor and wealth of his language, the poetic nature of his vision, the high seriousness of his concerns, and the variety of his imagination—qualities which are informed by his profound education and his moral largess. Such attributes, even when couched in plays of uncertain dramaturgy, are hard to resist. They account, I think, for the tenacity with which the Arden camp has maintained the defense. Furthermore, they have held out the promise of majestic plays to come as Arden's theatrical expertise increases, which *Armstrong*

demonstrates it most assuredly is doing.

These observations, which enjoy the advantage of a backward look over Arden's ten-year career, are by way of explaining the curious effect made by Arden's first play, *The Waters of Babylon*, which the Washington Theater Club is giving its first full, professional staging in England or America. (The previous professional presentations have been workshop productions—in London at the Royal Court, and in New York at the New Theatre Workshop.) The Washington production could be better, as indeed the play could be easier to produce, but it is impossible not to admire both.

Arden's play is set in London—the modern Babylon—and concerns a man named Krank, short for Krankiewicz, a Pole who runs a low-class rooming house for refugees from other unfashionable places like Barbados and Ireland. His business, in short, is rent gouging, sanitary violations and, for some of his tenants, pimping. But there is gentleness in his nature, as well as toughness, and the other characters find him attractive. He is, in a word, a most unsavory individual with a most savory manner.

As the play opens Krank is moving

out from a private, obscure life into the public arena, the protection of his interests requiring him to establish an easy intercourse with the crooked politicians and devious civic types of his district. A compatriot Pole, to whom Krank is in debt, suddenly accelerates this change in Krank's life by demanding to use his house as the headquarters for a plot to blow up the Russian delegation due for a state visit. In order to raise the money to pay off his debt and so avoid re-involvement with his past, Krank enters into a crooked municipal scheme, the rigging of a public lottery. Everything backfires at the drawing, and Krank is exposed for a dirty dealer. To top it off, the maniacal Pole accidentally shoots him dead. At this point, "notwithstanding Krank is dead," as someone puts it, everybody sings a roundelay about the tenacity of man, and the play ends.

While this gives the main line of Krank's little story, it only indicates the context that Arden heaps high around it—a series of sometimes satiric, sometimes boisterous, interludes involving such characters as a fatuous lady architect of fashion; a reforming West Indian councilman; two whores, one an Irish tart, the other a West Indian siren; a self-appointed protector of the commonweal from foreign undesirables; a bumbling Member of Parliament; a small-time political manipulator ("a Napoleon of Local Government"), and an intemperate, Irish comfort-station attendant. These ancillary characters, comprising everybody in the play except Krank and the mad Pole, mix liberally in Krank's story and provide a great variety of auxiliary action.

Arden uses several familiar techniques of Brecht's presentational style in projecting the play—direct address to the audience, recapitulating and descriptive song, generalized characters (everybody except Krank, in fact), scene changing by the actors, even a token bit of audience participation. But where Brecht's intention is to distance the audience from the action the better morally to persuade, Arden avoids making any moral point at all. He depicts his chosen milieu and its particular brand of humanity not only without making author's judgments but seemingly without inviting judgments from the audience. Once alienated (in Brecht's phrase), the audience is really on its own (in Arden's practice).

What is astounding about *Babylon* and marks it as great playwrighting is the variety, imagination and poeticism of the story of Krank and his company. It is characteristic of Arden's talent to depict a private life in a public arena with such richness; in fact, it is illuminating to have these concerns, which run through

WINDOWS

*On this wellnigh common day
I stand facing my window,
and sigh as if someone
were listening other windows
away, someone invisibly receptive.*

*On my table lies a letter
from another city, but with
the selfsame doors and windows;
the letter must be answered later.
In its cage above it a golden
pompon of a bird tries to echo
what possibly it hears in
other houses, three, four,
or even six away, where
other privacies pause
for further implications.*

*There are so many houses,
and all those windows across
which the familiar day writes
its diffident meanings,
and arranges them like texts
for me to read and somewhat
understand; but there are
so many windows, each
withholding or reflecting.*

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

all his work, so clearly set out in his first play. While *Babylon* is great playwrighting, however, it is not a great play. It is, in fact, a most unsatisfying play, as hard to enjoy as it is easy to admire. As with all basically impressive plays, the reasons for failure are difficult to pin down. Here they have to do with the flimsiness of Krank's story within the riot of public life engendered by the other characters, with the fact that much of the public and a good deal of the private commotion does not move Krank's story forward the distance of an inch, and with the awkward role in which Arden casts the audience—preventing it from submerging itself in the story, preventing it from standing outside and judging. These are aesthetic problems in which it is easy to lose one's way, so I will let it go at indicating their presence, suggesting that they account for the ultimate dissatisfactions of Arden's admirable first play.

The production at the Washington Theater Club is distinguished by William Goldstein's original music and by the performances of Bob Spencer, Colin Hamilton, Christopher Lloyd, Mary Lynn Kotz and John Hillerman. Haig Chobanian, whom I have admired at New York's Chelsea Theater Center, is properly attractive as Krank. His detachment, verging on neutrality, might be an extension of the way the play works.

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